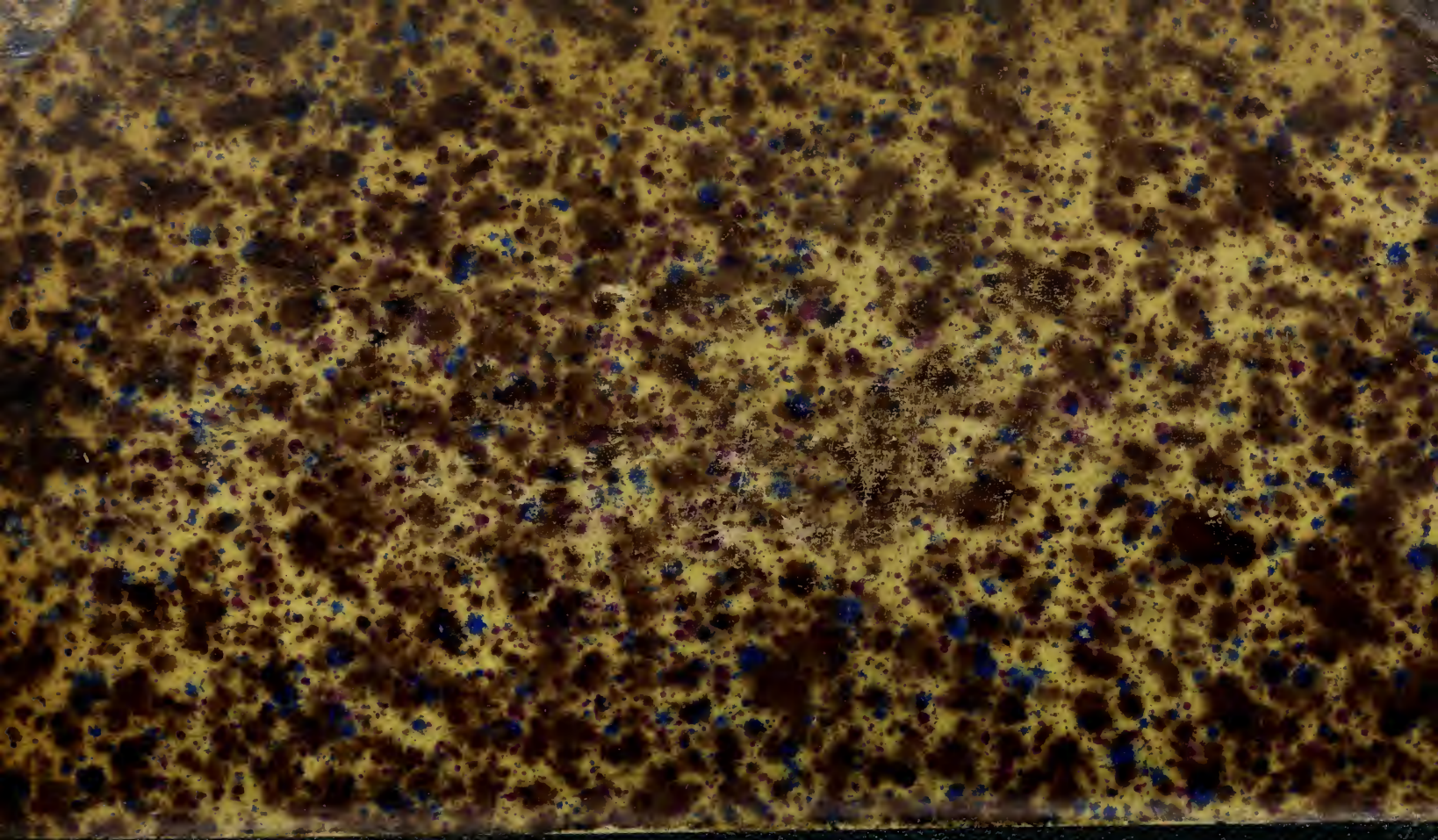

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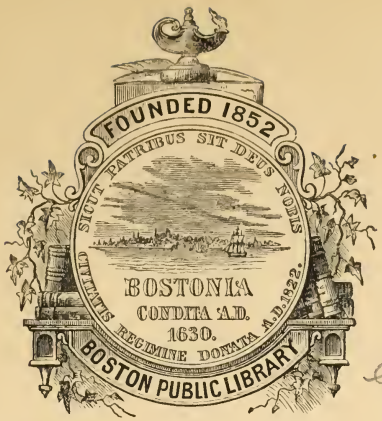

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PAMPHLETS.

Beaumont
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Memoranda

WIT
WITHOUT
MONY

A

WITHOUT MONEY

Wit without Mony,

A

COMEDY,

(With Alterations and Amendments, by some PERSONS of QUALITY.)

Altered from Beaumont & Fletcher.

As it is now Acted at the

QUEEN'S THEATRE

In the *HAY--MARKET*,

By Her Majesty's Company of Comedians.

Anon.

---

n. d.

LONDON:

Printed for, and are to be Sold by *Rich. Parker* under the *Exchange* in *Cornhil*, *Egbert Sanger* at the *Post-House* in *Fleet-street*, and *John Morphew* near *Stationers-Hall*.

To my very Good Friend Mr. Thomas Newman, *Servant to Her Majeſt, one of the Gentlemen of the Great Room, and Book-Keeper and Prompter to her Majeſty's Company of Comedians in the* Hay-Market, *&c.*

WHen I was reſolv'd to print this Comedy, with the Alterations and Improvements it has had from ſome Perſons of Honour, I imagin'd the next thing I had to do, was to chooſe a proper Patron for it; and after ſome Conſideration, could not find one that it more rightfully belong'd to than your ſelf. *Wit without Money*! The Title of it ſeems to have ſuch a relation to your Affairs for ſome time paſt, that nothing could have given a fairer occaſion for a Dedication. As too often the former is to be found without the latter, ſo the one muſt make out the deficiency of the other. This is very well apply'd to you, who once belong'd to a Houſe where *Vivitur Ingenio* was the Motto, till *Sound* got the better of *Senſe*, and turn'd it out of Doors. Your Wit for a great while, at that time, was forc'd to keep you, and ſince that, *Sudden Thought* and *Quick Turns* have ſecur'd you from the numerous Ambuſcadoes laid for you. And when I reflect on the Dangers you've gone through, and the Hardſhips you've ſuffer'd, to ſecure

cure your Perſon from thoſe *Moroding Parties* that lay in wait for you, I think I cannot ſufficiently praiſe your Ingenuity, that has always been your Safeguard; nor be too thankful to Fortune, who has given me ſo proper a Patron for my *Wit without Mony*.

I cou'd be laviſh in your Praiſe with relation to your Buſineſs in the Play-Houſe, make large Encomiums on the Vigilance you always ſhow in your Station, for keeping the Order and Decorum of the Stage; ſet down the Hazards you have jointly run, with thoſe who have bravely ſtood up for the Glory of Acting; And, that as you are Prompter to the beſt Company of Players, ſo none but your ſelf is capable to ſerve ſuch a Company; but I ſhall not treſpaſs ſo far on your known Modeſty, to ſpeak of that which all the World, that have the good Fortune to know you, is appris'd of.

As a Calm ſucceeds a Tempeſt, ſo this Comfort you have with you, That after all the frightful Proſpect you have had of Trouble and Confinement, you are now where Wit is encouraged, and the Player reaps the Fruit of his Labour, without Toiling for thoſe who have always been the Oppreſſors of the Stage. This may give ſome Reſpit to you, that not being ſo frequently oblig'd to uſe your *Wit for want of Mony*, it may appear with the greater Luſtre when you have occaſion for it; which is the Wiſh of *SIR*,

Your real Friend, and Humble Servant,

PROLOGUE.

BY various Ways we ſtudy ſtill to pleaſe,
With Labour ſtrive what once we did with Eaſe:
And ſince the Writers of this Modern Age,
No more delight, or draw you to the Stage;
Old Fletcher's *labour'd Scenes we now revive,*
Whoſe Wit and Humour ſhall Immortal live.
In his juſt Characters you ſtill may view,
How in your ſelves old Follies you renew.
How Vice does lord it, Modeſt Vertue ſtarves,
Ignorance rules, and patient Merit ſerves:
How Miſs endeavours to undo her Cully,
And then's both ſtript and ruin'd by her Bully:
How tricking Sharpers do the Town ſurround,
Bubles, their Fathers ill-got Gold confound.
Parſons ne'er Practiſe what they daily Preach;
Not by Example, but by Precept teach:
No Pangs of Conſcience does the Lawyer dread,
But for his Fee will for both Parties plead:
But theſe bold Truths to ſpeak, I ſhou'd forbear,
Since you your Vices will no longer hear;
From Satyr change to a more humble Strain,
Your Smiles to court, your Favours to obtain:
Let your Encouragement this Day be ſhown,
That with Succeſs our Labours we may crown.

Perſons

Perſons repreſented in the Play.

Valentine,	A Gentleman that won't be perſwaded to keep his Eſtate.	Mr. *Wilks.*
Franciſco,	His younger Brother.	Mr. *Mills.*
Lovegood,	Their Uncle.	Mr. *Keen.*
A Merchant,	Who has the Mortgage of *Valentine*'s Eſtate.	Mr. *Minns.*
Fountain,	Companions of *Valentine*'s, and Suitors to the Widow *Hartwell.*	Mr. *Knap.*
Bellamore,		Mr. *Fairbank.*
Hairbrain,		Mr. *Bowman.*
Lance,	An old Servant to *Valentin*'s Father.	Mr. *Bullock.*
Short-houſe,	A Clowniſh Servant of the Widow's.	Mr. *Norris.*
Roger,	Other Servants of the Widows.	Mr. *Croſs.*
Ralph,		Mr. *Kent.*
Humphry,		Mr. *Trout.*

Three other Servants.

Muſicians.

WOMEN.

Lady Hartwell.	A Rich Widow.	Mrs. *Oldfield.*
Iſabella,	Her Siſter.	Mrs. *Porter.*
Lucy,	The Widow's Woman.	Mr *Mills.*

SCENE *London.*

WIT WITHOUT MONEY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Uncle *and* Merchant.

Mer. WHEN saw you *Valentine?*

Uncle. Not of late; He's taken up with thoſe that Wooe the Widow.

Mer. How can he live by borrowing from ſuch People? He had a greater Spirit.

Uncle. Alas! he's ſunk, his Eſtate's gone, he Wants, and, which is worſe, takes a Delight in doing ſo.

Mer. Why will he not Marry, and that way riſe again?

Uncle. It's Impoſſible.

Mer. What's the Reaſon?

Uncle. I know not what it is, a fooliſh Glory he has got, I know not where, to balk thoſe Benefits; and yet he will converſe with Women, flatter 'em, make 'em Rugged or Smooth, Cruel or Soft, as his Impreſſion ſerves——The Lovers, let 'em paſs.

[*Singing within*]

Enter Fountain, Bellamoure, Hairbrain.

Mer. He might be one, he promiſes as much. They are wondrous Merry.

Uncle. O! their hopes are high, Sir,

Fount. Is *Valentine* come to Town?

Bella. Laſt Night, I heard.

Fount. We want him extreamly to direct us; For this Widow is as Stately, and as Crafty. And ſtands I warrant You——

Hair. Let her ſtand ſure, ſhe falls before us elſe. Come let's go look for *Valentine*?

Mer. This Widow is a fine Lady.

Uncle. A glorious Woman, handſome and of a high reſerv'd Behaviour, Miſtreſs of a great Fortune, and well ſhe knows to uſe it.

Mer. I wiſh *Valentine* had her!

Uncle. There's no hope of that, Sir.

Mer. O' that Condition he had his Mortgage in again.

Uncle. I wou'd he had.

Mer. Uſe you Endeavours and ſee what I'll do, however let the Mony be paid in, I never fought a Gentleman's undoing. You told me of another Brother.

Uncle. Yes, Sir, a more miſerable than *Val.* for he has Eat and Drank him up. A handſome Gentleman, and a fine Schollar.

En-

Enter Lance *and three* Tenants

Mer. What are theſe?

Uncle. Some of *Valentine*'s Tenants, perhaps the ſight of them may move him.

Mer. 'Tis well prepar'd; be earneſt Friends, and loud upon him, he is Deaf to his own Good.

Lance. We mean to tell him part of our Mind and't pleaſe ye.

Mer. Do; and do it home, and in what my Care may help, or my Perſwaſions when we meet next——

Uncle. Do but perſwade him fairly; and for your Mony, mine, and theſe Mens Thanks too.

Mer. Y'are moſt honeſt, you ſhall find me no leſs, and ſo I leave you; proſper your Buſineſs, my Friends. [*Exit.*

Uncle. Pray Heaven it may, Sir.

Lance. Nay if he will be Mad I'll be Mad with him, I tell him that; I'll not ſpare him. His Father kept good Meat, good Drink, good Hawks, good Hounds, and bid his Neighbours welcome; kept him too, and ſuppli'd his Prodigality, yet kept his Eſtate ſtill: Muſt we turn Tenants now, (after we have liv'd under the Race of Gentry, and maintain'd good Yeomandry) to ſome of the City, to a great Shoulder of Mutton and a Cuſtard, and have our Eſtates turn'd into Cabbage-Gardens, muſt it be ſo?

Uncle. You muſt be milder to him.

Lance. That's as he makes his Game.

Uncle. Intreat him lovingly and make him Feel——

Lance. I'll prick him to the Bones elſe.

[*Val. within*] And tell the Gentleman I'll be with him preſently, ſay I want Mony too, I muſt not fail Boy.

Lance. You'll want Cloaths I hope.

Enter Valentine.

Val. Bid the young Courtier repair to me anon; I'll read to him.

Uncle. He comes, be diligent, but not too rugged; ſtart him, but affright him not.

Val. Phew, are you there?

Uncle. We come to ſee you Nephew, be not angry.

Val. Why do you Dog me thus, with theſe ſtrange People? Why, all the World ſhall never make me Rich agen, nor Maſter of that Trouble an Eſtate.

Ten. We beſeech you for our poor Children's ſakes.

Val. Who bid you get 'em, had you not Thraſhing-work enough, but Children muſt be bang'd out of the Sheaf too? Other Men with their Delicates and wholſome Diet can get but Wind-Eggs: You, with a Clove of Garlick, a piece of Cheeſe wou'd break a Saw, and ſower Milk, can mount like Stallions, and I muſt maintain the Brood.

Lance. You ought to maintain us and our Families, we have maintain'd you, and when you ſlept provided for you. What bought the Cloaths you wear? I think our Labours; reckon, you'll find it ſo: Who found your Horſes perpetual Pots of Ale, maintain'd your Taverns? And who extol'd you in the ſide-Boxes, where you might ſit and muſter all the Beauties? We had no hand in this, no, we are all Puppies?
Your Tennants are baſe Vexations.

Val. Very well, Sir.

Lance. Had you Land, Sir, and honeſt Men to ſerve your Purpoſes, honeſt and faithful, and will you run away from 'em, betray your ſelf, and us your poor Tribe

to

to Misery; Mortgage us all, like old Cloaths; where will you Hunt next? you had a thousand Acres fair and open; the *King's-Bench* is enclosed, there's no good Riding; the *Counter* is full of Thorns and Brakes, take heed Sir, and Boggs; you'll quickly find what Broath th'are made of.

Val. Y'are short and pithy.

Lance. They say y'are a fine Gentleman, and of excellent Judgment; they report you have Wit, keep your self out of the Rain and take your Cloak with you which by interpretation is your Estate, Sir, or I shall think Fame bely'd you.

Val. I prethee leave prating, does my Good lie within my Brain to further? Go, go, get you Home, there Whistle to your Horses and let them Edifie; away sowe Hemp to hang your selves withal: What am I to you or you to me? Am I your Landlord, Puppies?

Unc. This is uncivil.

Val. More unmerciful you, to vex me with those Bacon-broth and Puddings: They are the walking shapes of all my Sorrows.

3 *Ten.* Your Fathers Worship would have us'd us better.

Val. My Fathers Worship was a Fool.

Lanc. Hay Boys! old *Valentine*, I'faith the old Boy still.

Uncle. Fie, Cousin.

Val. I mean besotted to his Estate; he had never left me the Misery of so much Means else; which till I sold was a meer Torment to me: If you will Talk, turn out those Tenants, they are as killing to my Nature Uncle, as Water to a Fever.

Lanc. We will go, but 'tis like Rams, to come again the stronger; And you shall keep your Estate.

Val.

Val. Thou lieſt, I will not.

Lanc. Sweet Sir, thou lieſt, thou ſhalt; and ſo good Morrow. [*Exeunt Tenants.*

Val. Now to your Buſineſs, Uncle.

Uncle. To your Eſtate, then.

Val. 'Tis gone, and I am glad on't; name it no more, 'tis that I pray againſt, and Heaven has heard me; *Caveat Emptor*, let the Fool out-ſweat it, that thinks he has got a Catch on't.

Uncle. This is Madneſs, to be a willful Beggar.

Val. I am Mad then, and ſo I mean to be; will that content you? How bravely now I live, how Jocund, how near the firſt Inheritance, without Fears, how free from Title-Troubles.

Uncle. And from Means too.

Val. Means? why all good Mens Means are mine; my Wit's my Plough, the Town's my Stock, the Tavern's my ſtanding Houſe, and all the World knows there's no Want; all Gentlemen that love Society love me; all Purſes that Wit and Pleaſure opens, hold my Rents; every Man's Cloaths fits me, the next fair Lodging is at my Command; and when I pleaſe to be more Eminent and take the Air, a Guinea's levied, a Coach prepar'd, and I go I care not whether; what need of an Eſtate here?

Uncle. But ſay theſe means were honeſt, will they laſt, Sir?

Val. Far longer than your Coat, and wear fairer; ſhould I take ought of you, it wou'd be begging, your Minds encloſed, nothing lies nobly open; but know Sir, no Man that I am allied to, in my way of Living, but makes it equal whether his own Uſe or my Neceſſity, call firſt; and do you think I venture nothing equal?

Uncle. You poſe me, Couſin.

Val.

Val. What's my Knowledge, Uncle, is't not worth Mony? what's my Underſtanding, Travels, Reading, Wit, all theſe Digeſted; my daily making Men, ſome to Speak, that too much Phlegm had Frozen up; ſome that ſpoke too much, to hold their Peace; ſome to wear their Cloaths, and ſome to keep 'em; theſe are nothing, Uncle; beſides, theſe ways, to teach the way of Nature, a manly Love, Community to all that are deſerving, without examining how much or what's done for them?

Enter two Servants.

1ſt. *Ser.* This Coat and Hat, Sir, and my Maſter's Love.

Val. Commend me to your Maſter and take that; leave 'em at my Lodgings.

1ſt. *Ser.* I ſhall, Sir.

Val. I do not think of theſe Things.

2d *Ser.* Pleaſe you, Sir, I have Gold here for ye.

Val. Give it me; drink that, and Commend me to thy Maſter. Look ye, Uncle, do I beg theſe?

Uncle. No, ſure 'tis your Worth, Sir.

Val. 'Tis like enough; but pray ſatisfie me, are not thoſe ways as Honeſt as perſecuting the ſtarv'd Inheritance with muſty Corn, the very Rats were fain to run away from? Or ſelling Rotten Wood by the Pound, like Spices, which Gentlemen afterwards burn by Ounces? Do not I know your way of feeding Beaſts with Grains and windy ſtuff, to blow up Butcher? Your racking Paſtures that have eaten up as many Singing Shepherds and their Iſſues, as all *Hampſhire* breeds. I tell you, Sir, I would not change ways with you, unleſs it were to ſell your Eſtate that Hour, and, if 'twere poſſi-

poſſible, to ſpend it then too. Now you know me?

Uncle. I wiſh you knew your ſelf; but ſince you are grown ſuch a ſtrange Enemy to your ſelf, give me leave to make your Brothers Fortune.

Val. How, Sir?

Uncle. From your Mortgage, which yet may be recover'd, I'll find the means.

Val. Pray ſave your Labour, Sir, my Brother and my ſelf will run one Fortune, and I think, what I hold a meer Vexation cannot be ſafe for him, I love him better; he has Wit at Will, the World has means, he ſhall live without the trick of an Eſtate; we are Heirs both, and all the World before us.

Uncle. My laſt Offer, and then I am gone.

Val. What is't, and then I'll anſwer?

Uncle. What think you of a Wife yet to reſtore you? and tell me ſeriouſly, without theſe Trifles.

Val. If you can find one that will pleaſe my Fancy, you ſhall not find me Stubborn.

Uncle. Speak your Woman.

Val. One without Eyes, that is, ſelf Commendation; for thoſe that ſee will always think th'are handſome. One without Ears, not giving time to Flatterers; for ſhe that hears herſelf Commended, wavers, and points out Men a way to make them Wicked. One without Opinion of herſelf, who tho' ſhe has Youth forgets it; tho' ſhe has Inclination denies it; Whoſe Life will be all Obedience, and all her Hours new Bleſſings; if there may be ſuch a Woman?

Uncle. Yes, there may be.

Val. And without Eſtate too?

Uncle. You are diſpos'd to trifle, well, fare you well, Sir, when you want me next you'll be wiſer.

Val.

Val. Farewel, Uncle; and as you love your Eſtate, don't let me hear on't. [*Exit.*

Uncle. It ſhall not trouble you. I'll watch him ſtill, And when his Friends fall off, then bend his Will. [*Exit.*

Enter Iſabella *and* Lucy.

Lucy. I know the cauſe of all this ſadneſs now, your Siſter has engroſs'd all the Lovers.

Iſab. She has wherewithal, much good may't do her. Prethee ſpeak ſoftly, we are open to Mens Ears.

Lucy. Fear not, we are ſafe, we may ſee all that paſs, hear all, and make our ſelves Merry with their Language, and yet ſtand undiſcover'd: Be not Melancholly, you are as Fair as ſhe.

Iſab. Who I? I thank you, I am as haſt Ordain'd me, a thing Slubberd; my Siſter is a good portly Lady, a Woman of a Preſence, ſhe has the Light before her and cannot miſs her Choice, for me 'tis reaſon I ſhould wait with my mean Fortune.

Lucy. You are ſo Baſhful——

Iſab. Our Sex ſhould not be forward, Then we are Fair and fit for Mens Embraces, when like Towns they lie before us Ages, and we hold out their ſtrongeſt Batteries, then to compound too without the loſs of Honour; and march off with our fair Wedding-Colours flying. Who are theſe?

Enter Franc. *and* Lance.

Lucy. I know not, nor I care not.

Iſab. Prethee peace then. A well built Gentleman.

Lucy. But poorly Thatcht.

Lanc. Has he devour'd you too?

Fran. 'Has gulp'd me down, *Lance.*

Lanc. Left you no Means at all?

Fran. Not a Farthing; diſpatch'd my poor Annuity I thank him; here's all the hope I have left, one bare ten Shillings.

Lanc. You are fit for great Men's Services.

Fran. I am fit, but who'll take me thus? Mens Miſeries are now accounted ſtains in their Natures. I have Travel'd and I have Studied long, know all the Perfections of Art and Manners, yet that I am not Bold nor cannot Flatter; I ſhall not thrive, all theſe are but vain Studies. Art thou ſo Rich as to get me a Lodging, *Lance?*

Lanc. I'll ſell the Leaſe of my Houſe elſe; my Horſe, my Hawk, nay, s'Death I'll pawn my Wife and Children; Oh Maſter *Francis*, that I ſhould ſee your Father's Houſe fall thus?

Iſab. An honeſt Fellow.

Lanc. Your Father's Houſe, that fed me, that bred up all my Name.

Iſab. A grateful Fellow.

Lanc. And fall by——

Fran. Peace, I know you are angry *Lance*; but I muſt not hear with whom, he is my Brother, and tho' you hold him ſlight, my moſt dear Brother. A Gentleman, excepting ſome few Faults, he were too excellent to live here elſe; adorn'd with as fine Parts, and with as noble and Manly a Spirit, as any He alive. I muſt not hear you; tho' I am Miſerable, and He made me ſo; yet he is ſtill my Brother, ſtill I love him, and to that tie of Blood link my Affections.

Iſab. A Noble Nature! doſt thou know him, *Lucy?*

Lucy. No, Madam.

Iſab.

Iſab. Thou ſhould'ſt always know ſuch good Men. What a fair Body and Mind are join'd together! Did he not ſay he wanted?

Lucy. What's that to you?

Iſab. 'Tis true, but 'tis great Pity.

Lucy. How ſhe changes! Ten thouſand other Men want more than he, as handſome Men too.

Iſab. 'Tis like enough, but as I live this Gentleman among ten Thouſand Thouſand. Is there no knowing him? Why ſhould he want? Fellows of no Merit, ſlight and puft Souls that walk like Shadows, let them complain. This Man is ſo made *Lucy* that his Wants muſt 'waken us. Alas, poor Gentleman! But will that keep him from Cold and Hunger? Believe me, he is well Bred, and cannot but be of a Noble Family, mark him well.

Lucy. He is a handſome Man.

Iſab. The ſweetneſs of his Sufferance ſets him off; Oh *Lucy!* but whether go I?

Lucy. You cannot hide it.

Lanc. Come Sir, I'll ſee you Lodg'd, you have ty'd my Tongue faſt: I'll Steal before you want, 'tis but a hanging.

Iſab. That's a good Fellow too, an honeſt Fellow, I muſt needs know more, but that ſome other Time.

Lucy. Is the Wind there? that makes for me.

Iſab. Come I forget Buſineſs.

[*Exit* Lance *and* Frank.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Widow *and* Lucy.

Wid. MY Sister, and a Woman of so base a Pity! what was the Fellow?

Lucy. Why an ordinary Man, Madam.

Wid. Poor?

Lucy. Poor enough, and none knows whence neither.

Wid. What cou'd she see?

Lucy. Only his Misery, for else she might behold a hundred Handsomer.

Wid. Did she change much?

Lucy. Extreamly when he spake, and then her Pity, like an Orator, but more I fear her Love, fram'd such a commendation and carried it so far, as made me wonder.

Wid. Is she so warm, or is there such a want of Lovers, that she must dote upon Afflictions? Why does she not rumage all the Prisons, and there bestow her Youth? Did she speak to him?

Lucy. No, he saw us not; but ever since she has been extreamly Troubled.

Wid.

Wid. Was he Young?

Lucy. Yes, Young enough?

Wid. And look'd he like a Gentleman?

Lucy. Like such a Gentleman as would pawn ten Oaths for twelve Pence.

Wid. My Sister, and sink basely! this must not be. Does she endeavour to know him?

Lucy. Yes, Madam, and has employ'd *Shorthose* about it.

Wid. O that's a fine Rogue. Keep all this private; but still be near her *Lucy*: What you can gather by any means let me understand. I'll stop her Heat, and turn her Charity another way, to bless her self first. A Beggar and a Stranger! this vexes me; but I shall find a Remedy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Fountain, Bellamour, Hairbrain, Valentine.

Fount. Oh my Friend! We have so lookt for thee, and long'd for thee: This Widow is the strangest thing, the statelyest, and stands so much upon her Excellencies.

Bel. She has put us off a month now for an Answer.

Hareb. No Man must visit her, nor look upon her; no, not to say, Good Night, or Good Morrow, till that time's past.

Val. She has found what Dough you're made of, and so kneads you. Are you good at nothing but these After-games? I have told you often enough what things they are, what precious things, these Widows!——

Hareb. If we had 'em.

Val. Why, the Devil has not Craft enough to woo 'em; there be two kind of Fools; mark this Observation, Gentlemen! mark it and understand it!

Fount. Well, go forward.

Val

Val. An innocent Fool, and a politick Fool; the latter of which are Lovers, Widow-Lovers.

Foun. We gave you Reasons, why 'twas needful for us.

Val. As you are those Fools, I did allow those Reasons; but as my Scholars and Companions, damn'd 'em. Do you know why you woo a Widow? Answer me coolly now, and with Understanding.

Hareb. Why, to lye with her, and enjoy her Wealth.

Val. Why, there you are Fools still, crafty to catch your selves, pure politick Fools: I lookt for such an Answer. Once more hear me: If you wed a Widow, 'tis to be doubted mainly, whether the Estate you have be yours or no: Marke me; Widows have long Extents in Law and doubtful Titles; and they that enjoy them, lie but with dead Mens Monuments: But if you'll needs do things of Danger, kill every Day a Serjeant for a Twelvemonth, rob the Exchequer, and burn the Rolls: These things will make a Shew.

Hair. And these are Trifles?

Val. Consider'd to a Widow, empty Nothings. What do we get by Women, but our Sences, which is the rankest part about us, satisfied; and when that's done, what are we? Croft-fallen Cowards. What benefit can Children bring but Charges and Disobedience? What's the Love they render at One and Twenty? I pray, die, Father. When they are young. they are like Bells rung backwards, nothing but Noise and Giddiness; and come to Years once, there drops a Son by the Sword in his Mistress's Quarrel; a great Joy to the Parents. A Daughter grown ripe too runs away with a Footman; there's another: And most are of this Nature. Will you marry?

Fount. For

Foun. For my part, Yes, for any Doubt I have yet.

Val. And this ſame Widow?

Foun. If I can: And methinks, however you are plea'sd to diſpute theſe Dangers; ſuch a warm Match, and for you too, Sir, were not hurtful.

Val. Not half ſo killing as for you: For, me, ſhe cannot, with all the Art ſhe has, make more miſerable, or much more fortunate. I have no Eſtate left; a Benefit that none of you can brag of: Nothing to loſe, but what my Soul inherits; which ſhe can neither law, nor claw away. Add to all this, Contempt of what ſhe does, I can laugh at her Tears, neglect her Angers, hear her without a Faith, ſo pity her as ſhe were a Traitor. If you cou'd do theſe things, and had but this Diſcretion, and the ſame Fortune, it were an equal Venture.

Fount. This is Malice.

Val. But is it come to that, You muſt marry?

Bel. Grant it be ſo.

Val. Then chuſe the tamer Evil; take a Maid not worth a Penny; make her and mould her yours: A Maid worth nothing! there's a vertuous Spell in that Word Nothing! A Maid makes Conſcience of Half a Crown a Week for Pin-money; a Maid will be content with one Coach and two Horſes, nor fall out, becauſe they are not matcht: But a Widow is a Chriſtmas-Box that ſweeps all.

Fount. Yet all this cannot alter us.

Val. You are all my Friends, and all my loving Friends; I ſpend your Money; yet I deſerve it too; you are my Friends ſtill: I ride your Horſes; when I want, I ſell 'em: I eat your Meat, and ſometimes wear your Linnen: Sometimes I make you drunk, and then you ſign and ſeal; for which I'll do you this Favour: Be rul'd, and let me try her; I'll never ceaſe to trouble her

her till I see through her; then, if I find her worthy——

Hareb. This was our meaning, *Valentine.*

Val. 'Tis done then; I must want nothing.

Hareb. Nothing, but the Woman.

Val. No Jealousy; for when I marry, the Devil must be wiser than I take him to be, and the Flesh foolisher: Come, let's to Dinner; and when I'm well, have at her. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Isabella *and* Lucy.

Isab. But art thou sure?

Lucy. No surer than that I heard——

Isab. That 'twas that flouting Fellow's Brother.

Lucy. Yes, *Shorthose* told me so.

Isabel. Did he search out the Truth?

Lucy. It seems he did.

Isab. Prithee *Lucy* call him hither; if he be no worse I sha'nt repent my Pity. [*Enter* Shorthose.] Now, Sirrah, what was he we sent you after, the Gentleman in Black?

Short. I'th' torn Black?

Isab. Yes the same, Sir.

Short. What would your Ladyship with him?

Isab. Why my Ladyship would know his Name, and what he is?

Short. 'Is Nothing, he is a Man, yet no Man.

Isab. You must needs play the Fool.

Short. 'Tis my Profession.

Isab. How is he a Man, and no Man?

Short. He's a Beggar; only the Sign of a Man. The Bush pull'd down, which shows the House stands empty.

Isab.

Isab. What's his Calling?
Short. They call him Beggar.
Isab. What are his Kindred?
Short. Beggars.
Isab. His Worth?
Short. A learned Beggar, a poor Scholar.
Isab. How does he live?
Short. Like Worms, he eats old Books.
Isab. Is *Valentine* his Brother?
Short. His Begging Brother.
Isab. What may his Name be?
Short. Orson.
Isab. Leave your Fooling.
Short. You had as good say, leave your Living.
Isab. Once more tell me his Name directly?
Short. I'll be hang'd first, unless I heard him Christn'd; but I can tell you what foolish People call him.
Isab. What?
Short. Francisco.
Isab. Where lies this Learning, Sir?
Short. In *Paul's* Church-Yard, Forsooth.
Isab. I mean the Gentleman, Fool.
Short. O that Fool, he lies in loose Sheets every where, that's no where.

Lucy. You are improv'd since you came to *London*. In the Country, *Shorthose*, you were an arrant Fool, a dull cold Coxcomb, here every Tavern teaches you; the Pint Pot has so belabour'd you with Wit; your brave Companions that give you Ale so fortified your Parts, that now there's no talking to you.

Short. I hope so; I have not waited at the Tail of Wit so long to be an Ass.

Lucy. But say now, *Shorthose*, my Lady should remove into the Country.

Short. I'd as lieve ſhe ſhould remove to Heaven, and as ſoon would I undertake to follow her.

Lucy. Where no Muſick is, nor no Anchoves, nor Maſter ſuch a one to meet at the Roſe, and bring my Lady ſuch a ones chief Chamber-Maid.

Iſab. No bouncing Healths to this brave Lad, dear *Shorthoſe*; nor down o'th' Knees to that Illuſtrious Lady.

Lucy. No Fiddles, nor no jolly noiſe of *Drawer carry this Bottle to my Father* Shorthoſe.

Iſab. No Play, no Sights, to run and wonder at.

Lucy. Say ſhe ſhou'd go.

Short. If I ſay ſo I'll be hang'd; or if I thought ſhe wou d go——

Lucy. What?

Short. I would go with her.

Lucy. But *Shorthoſe* where thy Heart is——

Iſab. Do not fright him.

Lucy. Upon my Word, Madam, 'tis given out, and loudly too from her own Mouth, we are preſently to be gone, but why or to what end I know not.

Short. May not a Man Die firſt? She'l give him ſo much Time?

Iſab. Gone o'th' ſudden, thou doſt but Jeſt, ſhe muſt not mock the Gentlemen.

Lucy. She has put them off for a Month, they dare not ſee her. Believe me, Madam, you'l find it true.

Iſab. How *Lucy?* Gone on ſo ſhort Warning, what Trick's this? She never told me of it, it muſt not be. Sirrah attend me preſently, you know I have been a kind Friend t' ye, attend me in the Hall. Don't Cry, we ſha'nt go.

Short. O! that her Coach may crack.

En-

Enter Valentine, Franciſco *and* Lance.

Val. Which way to live! How dar'ſt thou come to Town to ask ſuch a fooliſh Queſtion?

Fran. Methinks 'tis a neceſſary Queſtion, unleſs you could reſtore me the Annuity you have tipl'd up in Taverns.

Val. Where haſt thou been; and how brought up *Frank*, that thou talk'ſt thus out of Frame? Thou wert a pretty Fellow, and of a competent Underſtanding; who has ſpoil'd thee?

Lance. He that has ſpoil'd himſelf; and will ſpoil all comes near him. Buy but a Glaſs, if you be yet ſo wealthy, and look there who?

Val. Well ſaid, Old Copy-hold.

Lance. My Heart's good Free-hold, Sir! and ſo you'll find it: This Gentleman's your Brother, your hopeful Brother; for there is no hopes of you: Uſe him accordingly.

Val. Juſt as well as I uſe my ſelf: What would'ſt thou have, *Frank*?

Fran. Can you procure me a Hundred Pound?

Lance. Hark what he ſays to you! O try your Wits! for they ſay you're excellent at it.

Fran. And I'll forget all Wrongs. You ſee my Condition, and to what Wretchedneſs your Will has brought me: But what it may be by this Help, if timely done, and like a noble Brother, both you and I may feel, and to our Comforts.

Val. A Hundred Pound! Doſt thou know what thou haſt ſaid, Boy?

Fran. I ſaid, A Hundred Pound.

Val. Thou haſt ſaid more than any Man can juſtify, believe me. Procure a Hundred Pounds! I ſay to thee, there's no ſuch Sum in Nature: Forty Shillings there may be now in the Exchequer, and that's a Treaſure! I have ſeen Five Pound; but let me tell it! and it's as wonderful as Calves with five Legs. Here's five Shillings, *Frank*, the Harveſt of five Weeks, and a good Crop too; take it and pay thy firſt Fruits; I'll come down and eat it out.

Fran. 'Tis Patience muſt meet with you, Sir, not Love.

Lance. Deal roundly, and leave theſe Fiddle-Faddles.

Val. Leave thy Prating; thou think'ſt thou'rt a notable wiſe Fellow, thou and thy rotten Sparrow-Hawk!

Lance. I think you're mad; or if you are not, will be next Moon, What wou'd you have him do?

Val. How?

Lance. To get Money firſt; that's to live: You've taught him already how to want.

Val. 'Slife how do I live? Why, what dull Fool wou'd ask that Queſtion? The better half o'th Town live moſt gloriouſly: And ask them what Eſtates they have? ask our Gameſters that keep their Coaches, when 'tis they pray for a ſeaſonable Harveſt? Thou haſt a handſome Wit, *Frank*; ſtir into the World; ſtir for Shame, thou art a pretty Scholar: Ask how to live? Write, write; write any thing; the World's a fine believing World. Write News!

Lance. *Eſſex*-Dragons, Sir! or Bloody Battles ſeen in Air!

Val. There's the way, *Frank*; and in the Tail of theſe fright me the Kingdom with a ſharp Prognoſtication that ſhall

ſhall ſcour 'em: Dearth upon Dearth, Predictions of Sea-Breaches, Wars, and ſo forth.

Lance. Whirlwinds that ſhall take off the Top of *Grantham*-ſteeple, and clap it on *Paul*'s.

Val. Probatum eſt, Thou canſt not want a Penſion. Go ſwitch me up a Covey of young Scholars; there's twenty Pounds, and two Load of Coals: Are not theſe ready Ways. Coſmography thou art deeply read in: Draw me a Map from the *Roſe-Tavern*, I mean, a Midnight-Map, to 'ſcape the Conſtables and their long fenceleſs Examinations; and Gentlemen ſhall feed thee, very good Gentlemen! I cannot ſtay long.

Lance. You have read learnedly: And wou'd you have him follow theſe Leſſons? Did you begin with Ballads?

Fran. Well, I will leave you; I ſee my Wants are grown ridiculous; Yours may be ſo; I will not curſe you neither. You may think when thoſe wanton Fits are over, who bred me, and who ruin'd me. Look to your ſelf, Sir: A Providence I wait on.

Val. Thou art paſſionate; haſt thou been brought up with Girls?

Enter Shorthoſe *with a Bag of Money.*

Short. Reſt ye merry, Gentlemen.

Val. Not ſo merry as you ſuppoſe, Sir.

Short. Pray ſtay a while, and let me take a View of you; I may put my Spoon into the wrong Broth elſe.

Val. Why, wilt thou muſter us?

Short. No, You are not he; you're a Thought too handſome.

Lance. Who would'ſt ſpeak withal? Why doſt thou peep ſo?

Short. I

Short. I am looking Birds Nests; I can find none in your Bush-Beard. I would speak with you, Black Gentleman.

Fran. With me, my Friend?

Short. Yes Sure! And the best Friend, Sir, it seems, you have spoke with this Twelvemonth. Gentlemen, there's no Money for you.

Val. How?

Short. There's none for you, Sir: Be not so brief; not a Penny! Law, how he itches at it! Stand off; You stir my Choler.

Lance. Take it; 'tis Money.

Short. You are too quick too; first be sure you have it. You seem to be a Falconer, but a fooliſh one.

Lance. Take it, and say nothing.

Short. You're cozen'd too, 'tis take it and spend it.

Fran. From whence came it, Sir?

Short. Such another Word, and you shall ha' none on't.

Fran. I thank you, Sir; I doubly thank you.

Short. Well Sir, then buy you better Cloaths, and get your Hat drest, and your Landress to wash your Linnen better.

Fran. Pray stay Sir; may you not be mistaken?

Short. I think I am: Give me the Money again, quick, quick.

Fran. I would be loath to restore, till I am sure 'tis so.

Short. Hark in your Ear; Is not your Name *Francisco?*

Fran. Yes.

Short. Be quiet then; it may thunder a thousand times before such Stones fall. Do you not need it?

Fran. Yes.

Short. And

Short. And 'tis thought you have it.

Fran. I think I have.

Short. Then hold it faſt; 'tis not Fly-blown, you may pay for the Carriage: You forget your ſelf; I have not ſeen a Gentleman ſo backward, a wanting Gentleman--

Fran. Your Mercy, Sir!

Short. Friend, you have Mercy! a whole Bag-full of Mercy? Be merry with it, and be wiſe.

Fran. I wou'd fain, if it pleaſe you; but know——

Short. It does not pleaſe me: Tell over your Money; and be not mad, *Boy.*

Val. You have no more ſuch *Baggs?*

Short. More ſuch there are Sir; but few, I fear, for you. I have caſt your Water; you have Wit, you need no Money. [*Exit.*

Lance. Be not amaz'd, Sir; 'tis good Gold, good old Gold; this is Reſtorative, and in good time it comes to do you good; keep it and uſe it; let honeſt Fingers feel it——Yours be too quick, Sir.

Fran. He nam'd me, and he gave it me; but from whom——

Lance. Let 'em ſend more, and then examine: This can be but a Preface.

Fran. Being a Stranger, of whom can I deſerve this?

Lance. Of any Man that has but Underſtanding to find Mens Wants. Good Men are bound to do ſo.

Val. Now you ſee, *Frank*, there are more Ways than Certainties: Now you believe. What Plough brought you this Harveſt? What Sale of Timber, Coals, or what Annuities? What Uſe of theſe where every Man's thy Tenant? I am aſham'd of thee!

Lance. Yes I have ſeen this Fellow. There's a wealthy Widow hard by.

Val. Yes marry is there

Lance I.

Lanc. I think he's her Servant. Nay I am ſure on't.
Franc. I am glad on't.
Lanc. She's a good Woman.
Franc. I'm gladder.
Lanc. And Young enough.
Franc. Gladder of all Sir.
Val. Franck, you ſhall lie with me.
Fran. I thank my Mony.
Lanc. His Mony ſhall lie with me, Three in a Bed, Sir, will be too much.
Val. Meet me at the Roſe and thou ſhalt ſee what things——
Lanc. Truſt to your ſelf, Sir.
[*Exit* Frank *and* Lance.]

Enter Fountain, Bellamoure, and Hairbrain.

Fount. O *Valentine!*
Val. How now, why d'ye all look ſo?
Bel. The Widows going, Man.
Val. Why let her go, Man.
Hairb. She's going out o'Town.
Val. The Town's the happier. Wou'd they were all gone!
Fount. We can't come to ſpeak with her.
Val. Not ſpeak to her?
Bel. She will be gone within this Hour. Either now *Val*——
Fount. Hairb. Now, now, now good *Val*——
Val. I had rather march in the Mouth o'Cannon. But adieu, if ſhe be above Ground——Go, away to your Prayers, away I ſay, away; ſhe ſhall be ſpoken with.
[*Exeunt.*]

En-

Enter Shorthoſe *with one Boot on*, Roger, Humphry.

Rog. She will go, *Shorthoſe.*

Short. Who can help it, *Roger*?

Ralph. [*within*] Help down with the Hangings.

Rog. By and by, *Ralph*; I am making up the Trunks here.

Ralph. Shorthoſe.

Short. Well.

Ralph. Who looks to my Lady's Wardrobe, *Humphry?*

Hump. Here!

Ralph. Down with the Boxes in the Gallery, and bring away the Coach-Cuſhions.

Short. Will it not rain? No Conjuring abroad, nor no Device to ſtop this Journey?

Rog. Why go now? why now? why o'th' ſudden now?
What Preparation, what Horſes have we ready?
What Proviſion have we in the Country?

Hump. Not an Egg, I hope.

Rog. No, nor one drop of good Drink, Boys! there's the Devil!

Short. I heartily pray the Malt may be muſty, and then we muſt come up again.

Hump. I have no Boots, nor none I'll buy: Or if I had, refuſe me if I would venture my Ability before a Cloak-bag; Men are Men.

Short. For my part, if I be brought, (as I know it will be aim'd at) to carry any dirty Cream-pot, and gentle Lady of the Chamber behind my Guelding, with all her Streamers, Knapſacks, Glaſſes, Gugaws, as if I were a running Folly, I'll give 'em leave to cut my

Girths and flay me: I underſtand my ſelf, and am reſolv'd——.

Hump. To Morrow-night at *Oliver*'s! Who ſhall be there, Boys? Who ſhall meet the Wenches?

Rog. The well-brew'd Stand of Ale we ſhould have met at!

Short. Theſe Griefs, like to another Tale of *Troy*, wou'd mollify the Heart's of barb'rous People!

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. Well, whether run you? my Lady's mad.

Short. I wou'd ſhe were in *Bedlam.*

Ralph. The Carts are come, no Hands to help load 'em; the Stuff lies in the Hall, the Plate and——

Wid. [*within*] Why Knaves there; where be theſe idle Fellows?

Short. Shall I ride with one Boat?

Wid. Why where, I ſay?

Ralph. Away, away, it muſt be ſo.

Short. O for a tickling Storm to laſt but one ten Days!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Iſabella *and* Lucy.

Lucy. INdeed, Madam, I did it for the beſt.

Iſab. It may be ſo, but *Lucy* you have a Tongue, a diſh of Meat in your Mouth, which if 'twere minced, *Lucy*, wou'd do a great deal better.

Lucy. I proteſt, Madam.

Iſab. 'Twill be your own one time or other. *Walter*!

Walt. [*within*] Madam.

Iſab. Tye my little Box behind the Coach, and bid my Maid make ready, my ſweet Service to your good Lady, Mrs. *Lucy*.

Lucy. Do but hear me.

Iſab. I am in Love ſweet *Lucy*, and you are ſo ſkilful that I muſt needs undo my ſelf——And d'ye hear, let *Oliver* pack up the Glaſs carefully.

Lucy. Pray be ſatisfied.

Iſab. Yes before I leave you, there's a *Roger* which ſome call the Butler, I ſpeak of Certainties, I do not fiſh *Lucy*; nay don't ſtare, I have a Tongue can talk too: And a green Chamber too *Lucy*, a back Door opens to the long Gallery. There was a Night *Lucy*, do you

perceive, do you perceive me yet? O do you Bluſh? A *Friday* Night I ſaw your Saint, *Lucy*. For 'tother Pot of Marmalad all's thine, ſweet *Roger*. This I heard and kept too.

Lucy. As your are a Gentlewoman, Madam——

Iſab. As you have made my Siſter jealous of me, and Fooliſhly and Childiſhly purſu'd it, I have found out your Haunts, and trac'd your Purpoſes. Your beſt means muſt be applied to bring her back again, and ſeriouſly and ſuddenly, that ſo I may have means to clear my ſelf, and ſhe a fair Opinion of me, elſe you periſh.

Lucy. My Power and Prayers, Madam——

Iſab. What's the Matter?

Enter Shorthoſe *and* Widow.

Short. I have been with the Gentleman, he has it much good do him with it.

Wid. Come are ye ready? Come you love to delay Time. The Day grows on us.

Iſab. I have ſent for a few Trifles, when thoſe are come; and now I know your Reaſons——

Wid. Know your own Honour then —— About your Buſineſs, ſee the Coach ready, I'll tell you more then. [*Exit* Lucy *and* Shorthoſe.] You muſt not think your Siſter ſo tender-ey'd as not to ſee your Follies; alas I know your Heart; and muſt imagine, and truly too, 'tis not your Charity can coin ſuch Sums to give away as you ha'done: In that you have no Wiſdom, Siſter, no nor Modeſty, where nobler Uſes are at home, I tell ye, I am aſham'd to find this in ye. None to chuſe but things for pity? None to fix your Thoughts on but one of no Ability, of no Name? One that has no-

nothing to bring you to but Cold and Hunger: A jolly Fortune, Sister; no Mony, no not ten Shillings!

Isab. You search nearly.

Wid. I know it, as I know your Folly. One that knows not where he shall eat his next Meal, or take his Rest unless it be i'th' Cage. What Kindred has he, but a more wanting Brother, or what Vertues?

Isab. You have had rare intelligence I see Sister.

Wid. Or say the Man had Vertue, is Vertue in this Age a full Inheritance? This is not well, 'tis weak, and I grieve to know it.

Isab. And this you quit the Town for?

Wid. Is't not time?

Isab. You are better read in my Affairs than I am, that's all I have to answer. I'll go with you and willingly, and what you think most dangerous, I'll still Laugh at. For, Sister, 'tis not Folly but good Discretion that shall govern me.

Wid. I am glad to hear you say so, come away.

Isab. I am for you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Shorthose *and* Humphry *with riding Whips.*

Hump. The Devil can't stay her. She'll only eat an Egg now, and then we must away.

Short. I am gaul'd already, yet I will pray——May *London* Ways from henceforth be full of holes, and Coaches crack their Wheels. May zealous Smiths so shoo all our Horses, that they may feel compunction in their Feet, and fall lame at *Highgate*. May it Rain more than all the Almanacks foretel, 'till Carriers fail, and the Queen's Fishmonger ride upon a Trout to *London*.

Hump. At *St. Albans* may all the Inns be full, and not an Host sober to bid her Ladiship welcome.

Short.

Short. Not a Fiddle; nor no Meat but Legs of Beef.

Hump. No Beds but Wool-packs!

Short. And thoſe ſo cram'd with Warrens of ſtarv'd Fleas that bite like Bandogs. Let *Minns* be angry at their St. *Belſwagger*, and we paſs in the heat on't and be beaten, beaten abominably, beaten Horſe and Man, and all my Ladies Linnen ſprinkled with Suds and Diſhwater!

Short. Not a Wheel but out of joint!

Enter Roger *laughing.*

Hump. Why do'ſt thou Laugh?

Rog. There's a Gentleman, the rareſt Gentleman, and makes the rareſt Sport——

Short. Where? where?

Rog. Within here; a'has made the gayeſt Sport with *Tom.* the Coachman, ſo maul'd him with Liquor, that he lies laſhing a Hogſhead for his Horſes.

Short. That's very good.

Rog. And talks and laughs, and ſings the rareſt Songs.

Short. Better ſtill.

Enter Valentine *and* Widow.

Hump. My Lady——in a rage with the Gentleman.

Short. May he anger her into a Fever. [*Exit* Serv.

Wid. Pray tell me, who ſent you hither, to ask me ſuch wild Queſtions?

Val. D'ye think I uſe to go of Errands, Madam.

Wid. You have not known me ſure.

Val. Not much.

Wid. What reaſon have you then to be ſo tender of my Credit, you are no Kinſman?

Val. If you take it ſo, the honeſt Office that I came to

to do you is not ſo heavy but I can return it; now I perceive you are too proud, not worth my Viſit.

Wid. Pray ſtay a little: Proud?

Val. Monſtrous proud. I griev'd to hear a Woman of your value and good parts ſtung by the People, but now I ſee 'tis true: You look upon me as if I were a rude and ſaucy Fellow that borrow'd all my breeding from a Dung-hill, or ſuch a one as ſhou'd now fall down and worſhip you in hopes of pardon: But you miſtake, Madam; I came to prove Opinion a loud Lyar——To ſee a Woman only great in goodneſs, and Miſtreſs of a greater Fame than Fortune; but——

Wid. You are a ſtrange Gentleman; if I were proud now I ſhou'd ſhew you the effects of Pride, and be monſtrous angry, which I am not; I ſhou'd deſpiſe you, but you are welcome, Sir. To think well of our ſelves if we deſerve it adds Luſtre to us, and makes every Good we have look fairer.

Val. This is well, and now you ſpeak toth' purpoſe you pleaſe me; but to be proud of taking place——

Wid. If it be our right, why not? Why are we ſet here with diſtinctions elſe? why are Degrees and Orders given us? In you Men 'tis held a coolneſs if you loſe your Right; 'tis an affront and loſs of Honour. Streets and Walls, and upper end of Tables, had they Tongues cou'd tell what Blood has follow'd, and what Feuds about your Ranks. Are we ſo much below you, that 'till you have us are the top of Nature, to be accounted Drones, without a difference? You'll make us Beaſts indeed.

Val. Nay worſe than this: They ſay you're proud of your Cloaths, and of your Beauty; proud of Red and White, a Varniſh that Butter-milk can better.

Wid. Lord! how little will vex theſe poor blind Peo-

ple.

ple. If my Cloaths ſometimes be gay and glorious, does it follow my Mind muſt be ſo too? Or ſay my Beauty pleaſe ſome weak Eyes, muſt I be vain of that which every hour decays? This is an Infants Anger.

Val. Then they ſay too, What tho' you have a Coach lin'd through with Velvet, and ſix fine *Flanders* Horſes, why ſhou'd the Streets be troubled continually with you, 'till Carmen curſe ye? 'Till the learned Lawyers with their fat Bags are thruſt againſt the Bulks, 'till all their Cauſes crack? Can there be ought in this but Pride of ſhew, Madam? And then they cry, why ſhould this Lady, and t'other Lady, and the third ſweet Lady, be daily viſited, and their poor Neighbours neglected?

Wid. You are very credulous, and ſomewhat deſperate to deliver this, Sir, to her you know not: But whatever Women do lies open to theſe Cenſures. Nay, ſome of you will ſwear our very Meditations at Church, which all ſhou'd fear to judge, at leaſt uncharitably, are mixt with Thoughts of Men. That we cannot ſleep but this ſweet Gentleman ſwims in our Fancies, or that ſmooth Beau, or that Scarlet Man of War. That we cannot dreſs our Heads without Deſigns how to ſurprize this Great Man, or that Blue Garter. In ſhort, our very Looks are ſubject to Conſtructions: Nay, Sir, 'tis come to this, we cannot ſmile but 'tis a Favour to ſome Fool or other. Should we examine you thus, were it not poſſible alſo for us to paſs our Cenſures?

Val. It may be ſo; but how wou'd that excuſe you?

Wid. And how does it appear that you ſpeak Truth of us? Who knows not what deadly Tongues you have, what guilty Hearts, and bold Inventions? O' my Conſcience if 'twere not for ſharp Juſtice, you wou'd venture to aim at your own Mothers, and account it glory to ſay you had done ſo. Yet all your Thoughts and De-

Deſigns are juſt; you forſooth can never err: 'Tis we only that are ſubject to Frailty, We only that are Giddy and Deceitful, we only that are liable to Cenſure; pray, good Sir, give us better Words.

Val. Well ſaid, Madam, now I begin to like you.

Wid. We are finely Bleſs'd indeed, and much beholding to you; youMen may do what you think fit, we only what you pleaſe to allow us, and that too very carefully; our Names are elſe the talk of Chocolate-Houſes, and made the Jeſts of all your drunken Clubs.

Val. O brave Widow! you are able to defend the Faults of the whole Sex.

Wid. You have noFaults not you. Alas, no! Gentlemen, 'twere Impudence in us to think you Vicious, you are ſo Moral and ſo Holy the Ladies fright you. You are the cool Things of the Times, the Profeſſors of Temperance, meer Emblems of the Law, and Patterns of Vertue. You are not daily mending like *Dutch*-Watches, and Plaiſtering like old Walls. They are none of you, Gentlemen, that with their ſecret Sins increaſe the number of our Surgeons. No, no, Women only have Vices: You are not Envious, Falſe, Covetuous, Vain-glorious, Irreligious, Drunken, Revengeful, Giddy, Inconſtant, Careleſs of your own Honour, and eager to deſtroy the Reputations of other People.

Val. You are angry.

Wid. Not I indeed; yet I could ſay more.

Val. But it may be I am Troubleſome?

Wid. Not at all, Sir, I am content at this Time you ſhou'd Trouble me.

Val. You are diſtruſtful.

Wid. Yes, where I find no Truth, Sir.

Val. Come, come you'r full of Paſſion.

Wid. Some I have, I were no Woman elſe.

Val. You are monſtrous Peeviſh

Wid. Becauſe they are monſtrous Fooliſh, and know not how to treat me as they ought to do.

Val. I was never anſwer'd thus. You never drink, Madam?

Wid. Not too much, Sir, yet I love good Wine as I love health and joy of Heart, but Temperately. Why d'yee ask that Queſtion?

Val. For that Sin they charge you with is this Sin's Servant. They ſay you are monſtrous——

Wid. What, Sir, what?

Val. Moſt ſtrangely——

Wid. It has a Name, ſure?

Val. Infinitely Luſtful, without all bounds: They ſwear you kill'd your Husband.

Wid. Let's have it all for Heavn's Sake, 'tis good Mirth, Sir.

Val. They ſay you will have four now, and have 'em all at once too. Will ſhe not Cry nor Curſe. [*aſide*]

Wid. On with the Story.

Val. And that you are ſueing out Diſpenſations with large Sums of Mony for that purpoſe.

Wid. Four Husbands! ſhou'd not I be Bleſt, Sir? But what ſhou'd I do with 'em? You come to make me Angry, Sir, but you cannot.

Val. I'll make ye merry then. You're a brave Woman, and ſpight of Envy, a good one—— I don't often commend your Sex.

Wid. It ſeems ſo, your Commendations are ſo ſtudied for.

Val. I came to ſee you, and ſift you into Flower, to know your Pureneſs, and I have found ye Excellent; continue ſo, and ſhew Men how to Tread and Women how to Follow. Get a Husband, an honeſt Man, and live hedg'd in from Scandal: Let him be too, an under-

derſtanding Man, 'tis pity your fair Figure ſhould miſcarry; then y'are fixt. Farewel.

Wid. Pray ſtay a little. I love your Company now y'are ſo agreeably pleaſant, and to my diſpoſition ſet ſo even.

Val. I can no longer. [*Exit.*

Wid. As I live a fine Fellow, this Manly handſome bluntneſs ſhows him Honeſt. What is he or from Whence? Bleſs me, four Husbands! How prettily he fool'd me into Vices to ſtir my Jealouſy and try my Nature, a proper Gentleman. I am not well o'th' ſudden; ſuch a Companion I cou'd live and die with, his Angers are meer Mirth.

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. Come, come, I am ready.

Wid. Are you ſo?

Iſab. What ails her?—— The Coach ſtays and the People, the Day grows on; I am as ready now as you deſire, Siſter; fie, who ſtays now? Why d'ye ſit and pout thus?

Wid. Prithee be quiet; I am not well.

Iſab. For Heaven's ſake, let's not Travel in the Night, come——

Wid. I have a little Buſineſs.

Iſab. To abuſe me. You ſhall not find new Dreams, nor new Suſpitions; come let us go.

Wid. Lord, who made you a Commander! Hey, ho, my Heart.

Iſab. Is the Wind in that Corner? are you ſick of the *Valentine*, ſweet Siſter? [*aſide.*] Come let's away, the Country will ſo revive you, and we ſhall live ſo ſweetly. *Lucy*, your Ladies Scarf. Nay you've ſet me ſo agog for going, I wou'd not ſtay for all the World.

Wid. Prithee, *Iſabella*, indeed I have ſome Buſineſs that concerns me. I will be no more ſuſpitious; here, wear that Ring for me, I'll pay the hundred Pound you owe the Taylor.

Enter Shorthoſe, Roger, Humphry, Ralph.

Iſab. I had rather go, but——

Wid. Come walk in with me; we'll go to Cards—— Unſadle the Horſes.

Short. A Jubilee, a Jubilee, we ſtay Boys.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Uncle, Lance. Fount. Bella. Hairbrain, *following*

Uncle. Are they behind us?

Lance. Cloſe, cloſe, ſpeak aloud, Sir.

Uncle. I am glad my Nephew had ſo much Diſcretion at length to find his Wants. Did ſhe entertain him?

Lance. Moſt bravely, nobly. Gave him ſuch a welcome——

Uncle. For his own ſake, d'ye think?

Lance. Moſt certain, Sir, and in's own Cauſe beſtir'd himſelf too, and won ſuch liking from her ſhe dotes on hm. 'Has the command of all the Houſe already.

Uncle. He deals not well with his Friends.

Lance. Let him deal on, and be his own Friend. He has moſt need of her

Uncle. I wonder they wou'd put him——

Lance. You're in the right on't; a Man that muſt raiſe himſelf. I knew he'd trick 'em, and am glad he has. He watch'd Occaſion, and found it in the nick!

Uncle. He has deceiv'd me.

Lance.

Lance. I told ye, however he wheel'd about, he'd charge Home at laſt. How I cou'd Laugh now to think of theſe tame Fools!

Uncle. 'Twas not well done, becauſe they Truſted him, yet——

Bell. Hark you, Gentlemen.

Uncle. We are buſie, pray excuſe us. They have it home.

Lance. Come, let it work. [*Ex.* Uncle, Lance.

Fount. 'Tis true, he is a Knave, I always thought ſo.

Hare. And we are Fools, tame Fools.

Bell. Come let's go ſeek him. He ſhall be Hang'd before he ſerve us thus. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Iſabella, Lucy.

Iſab. Ar't ſure ſhe loves him?

Lucy. Am I ſure I Live; and I have clapt on ſuch a Commendation to forward your Revenge.

Iſab. Faith, he is a pretty Gentleman.

Lucy. Handſome enough, and that her Eyes has found——

Iſab. He talks the Beſt, they ſay, and yet the Maddeſt——

Lucy. 'Has the right Way.

Iſab. How is ſhe?

Lucy. O bears it well, as if ſhe car'd not; but one may ſee with half an Eye through all her forc'd Behaviour.

Iſab. Come let's go ſee her. I long to perſecute.

Lucy. By no means, Madam; let her take better hold firſt.

Iſab. I cou'd burſt now. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Valentine, Fountain, Bellamore, Hairbrain.

Val. Upbraid me with your Benefits? Was't not I that undertook you firſt from empty Barrels, and brought thoſe barking Mouths, that gap'd like Bungholes, to utter Sence? Where got you Underſtanding? Who taught you Manners? What brought you from the Univerſities, beſides your ſmall baſe Sentences?

Bell. Very well, Sir.

Val. Who look'd on you but Prentices in *Paul's* Church-Yard, that ſmelt your Want of Books?

Enter Widow, Lucy, *above.*

Fount. This cannot ſave ye.

Val. Taunt my Integrity, ye Brutes!

Hair. You tempt our Patience; we have found you out, and what your Truſt comes to. Y'are well Feather'd, thank us, and think now of an honeſt Courſe, 'tis time, Men now begin to look, and narrowly, into your Tricks, they're ſtale.

Wid. Is not that he?

Lucy. 'Tis he.

Wid. Be quiet, and let's obſerve him.

Val. How miſerable will theſe poor Wretches be when I forſake 'em! But Things have their Neceſſities, I am ſorry. To what a Vomit muſt they return again now, to their own dear Dunghill-Breeding. Never hope after I have caſt you off, you Men of Motly, you moſt undone Things below Pity, any that has a Soul and Six-pence dare relieve ye, my Name ſhall bar that Bleſſing. There's your Coat, Sir, keep it ſafe, it may preſerve you a Fortnight longer from the Fool; your

your Hat, pray be Cover'd; and there's the Waſtcoat your Worſhip ſent me, 'twill ſerve you at a Country Aſſizes yet.

Fount. Nay Faith Sir, you may e'en rub theſe out now.

Val. No ſuch Relique, not the leaſt Rag of ſuch a ſordid Weakneſs ſhall keep me warm——Theſe Breeches are my own, (and all that's in 'em) purchas'd and paid for without your Compaſſion, and ſo I'll keep 'em.

Hair. So they ſeem, Sir.

Val. Only the Thirteen Shillings and the odd Groat in theſe Breeches ſhall be yours, Sir A Mark to know a Knave by. Do not diſpleaſe me more, but take it preſently. Now I am perfect, and now let the proudeſt of your Worſhips tell me I am beholding to ye——

Fount. No ſuch matter.

Val. And take heed how you Pity me; 'tis dangerous, exceeding dangerous to prate of Pity. Which are the Poorer, I without you, or you without my Knowledge? Be Rogues, and ſo be gone; be Rogues, and reply not, for if you do——

Bell. Only thus much, and then we'll leave ye; the Air is ſharper far than our Anger, Sir.

Hair. Pray have a Care, good Sir, of your Health.

[*Ex.* Lovers.

Val. Yes Hog-herds, more than you can have of your Wits. 'Tis Cold, and I am very ſenſible on't, extremely Cold, and yet I will not off till I have ſham'd theſe Raſcals. But I am Colder here, not a Penny left.

[*Searching his Pockets.*

Enter

Enter Uncle *with a Bag, and* Lance.

Uncle. It has taken rarely, and now he's flead, ſure he will be rul'd.

Lance. To him, to him, abuſe him, and nip him cloſe.

Uncle. Why how now Couſin, Sunning your ſelf this Weather?

Val. As you ſee, Sir, in a hot Fit, I thank my Friends.

Uncle. But Couſin, where are your Cloaths, Man? Thoſe are no Inheritance, your Scruple may compound with thoſe I take it; this is no Faſhion Couſin?

Val. Not much follow'd I muſt confeſs; yet, Uncle, I intend to try what may be done next Term?

Lance. How came you thus, Sir?

Val. Rags, Toys and Trifles, fit only for thoſe Fools that firſt poſſeſs'd 'em, and to thoſe Knaves they're render'd. Freemen, Uncle, ought to appear like Innocent old *Adam*, a Fig-Leaf's ſufficient.

Uncle. Were thoſe your Friends that clear'd you thus?

Val. Hang Friends, and even Reck'nings that make Friends!

Uncle. I thought, till now, there had been no ſuch Loving, no ſuch Purchaſe, for all the reſt is Labour, as a Liſt of Honourable Friends: Do ſuch Men as you, Sir, after all your Travels, and thoſe great Gifts of Nature, aim at no more than caſting off your Coats. I am ſtrangely concern'd.

Lance. Should not the Town ſhake at the Cold you feel now, and all the Gentry ſuffer Interdiction. No more Senſe ſpoken; Wit be blaſted, and Taverns broken.

broken. All Things, *Goth* and *Vandal*, 'till you be equipt again in Velvets and Scarlets, bedaub'd with Gold Lace.

Val. Gentlemen you have Talk'd long. I beſeech you takeBreath a while, and hear me; You imagine now, I ſee by your Behaviour, that I'm at the laſt, as alſo that my Friends are flown like Swallows after Summer.

Uncle. Yes, Sir.

Val. And that I have no more in this poor Pannier to raiſe me up again above your Rents, Uncle?

Uncle. All this I do believe.

Val. You have no Mind to better me?

Uncle. Yes, Couſin, to that End I came, and once more offer you all that my Power is Maſter of.

Val. A Match then. Lay me down Fifty Pounds there.

Uncle. There it is, Sir.

Val. And Write on it, that you are pleas'd to give me this as due to my Merit, without Caution of redeeming Land, tedious Thanks, or Thrift hereafter to be hop'd for.

Uncle. How! [Lucy *lays a Suit of Cloaths and a Letter at the Door.*

Val. Without Daring, when you're Drunk, to utter Revilings, to which you are prone in Sack, Uncle.

Uncle. I thank you, Sir.

Lance. Come, Sir, come away, let the young Wanton play a while; away I ſay, Sir: Let him go forward with his naked Faſhion; he'll ſeek you to morrow. Fine Weather, ſultry Hot, ſultry, how I Sweat!

Uncle. Farewel, Sir. [*Ex.* Uncle *and* Lance.

Val. Wou'd I Sweat too, I am monſtrous Vext and Cold too; and theſe are but thin Pumps to walk the Streets in. Cloaths I muſt get, this Faſhion will not

fadge with me; beſides 'tis an ill Winter wear—— What art thou? Yes, they are Cloaths, and Rich ones, ſome Fool has left 'em, and if I ſhould utter——What's this Paper here? Let theſe be worn only by the moſt Noble and Deſerving Gentleman *Valentine*——Dropt out o'th' Clouds! I think the Pockets full of Gold too, aye. Well I'll leave my Wonder, and be warm again.

In the next Houſe this cooling Dreſs I'll ſhift,
Some Luck ſtill helps me out at a dead Lift.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Franciſco, Uncle, *and* Lance.

Fran. WHY do you deal thus with him, 'tis too ſevere?

Uncle. Peace Couſin, peace, you are too tender of him; he muſt be dealt with thus, he muſt be cur'd thus. The Violence of his Diſeaſe, *Frank*, muſt not be Jeſted with, 'tis groun Infectious, and now ſtrong Corroſives muſt cure him.

Lance. H'as had a Stinger has eat off his Cloaths; next his Skin comes.

Uncle. And let it ſearch him to the Bones, 'tis the better, 'twill make him feel it.

Lance. Where be his noble Friends, now? Will his fantaſtical Opinion cloath him? Or the learn'd Art of having nothing Feed him?

Uncle. It muſt; we'll try, for all his Friends have flung him off. And where to Skin himſelf again if I know——or can deviſe how he ſhould get himſelf a Lodging. His Spirit muſt be bow'd, and now we have him at that we hop'd for.

Lance. Next time we meet him cracking o' Nuts, with half a Cloak about him, or borrowing of Sixpence.

Fran. Which way went he?

Lance. Pox, why ſhou'd you ask after him, you have been ſhav'd already? Let him take his Fortune, he ſpun it out himſelf, Sir, there's no Pity.

Uncle. Beſides, ſome Good may come to you now from his Miſery.

Fran. I riſe upon his Ruins! Fie, fie, Uncle; fie honeſt *Lance*: Thoſe Gentlemen were baſe that cou'd ſo ſoon take Fire to his Deſtruction.

Uncle. You are a Fool, a Fool, a young Man.

Enter Valentine.

Val. 'Morrow Uncle, morrow *Frank*, ſweet *Frank*, and how, and how d'ye think now, how ſhow Matters! 'Morrow *Bandog*.

Uncle. How?

Fran. Is this Man naked, forſaken of his Friends?

Val. Th'art handſome, *Frank*, a pretty Gentleman. Faith, thou look'ſt well, and yet here may be thoſe that look as hadſome.

Lance. Sure he can Conjure; and has the Devil for his Taylor!

Uncle. New and Rich, how is this poſſible?

Lance. Give him this Luck, and fling him into the Sea.

Uncle. 'Tis not he. Imagination cannot work this Miracle.

Val. Yes, yes, 'tis he I will aſſure ye, Uncle, the very he, the he your Worſhip plaid upon, I thank you for't. Laught at his Nakedneſs, and made his Cold and Poverty your Paſtime. You ſee I Live, and the beſt can do no more, Uncle: And tho' I have no Eſtate, I keep the Streets

Streets ſtill, and take my Pleaſure in the Town, like a poor Gentleman. Wear Cloaths to keep me warm; mean Things, they ſerve me: Can make a Show too if I pleaſe yet, Uncle, and Ring a Peal in my Pocket ding, dong, Uncle. Theſe are mad fooliſh Ways, but who can help it?

Uncle. I am amaz'd!

Lance. I'll ſell my Copy-hold, for ſince there are ſuch excellent New-nothings, why ſhou'd I labour? Is there no Fairy haunts him, no Rat, no old Woman?

Uncle. You are *Valentine*?

Val. I think ſo, I cannot tell, I have been call'd ſo, and ſome ſay Chriſten'd. Why do you wonder at me, and ſwell as if you had met a Serjeant faſting? Did you ever know a Man of Merit want? Y're Fools, a little Stoop there may be to allay him, he wou'd grow too Rank elſe, a ſmall Eclipſe to ſhadow him, but out he muſt, and break glowingly again, and with a glorious Luſtre. Look ye, Uncle, Motion and Majeſty——

Uncle. I am confounded.

Fran. I am of his Faith.

Val. Walk by his careleſs Kinſman, and turn again, and walk, and look thus, Uncle, taking ſome one by the Hand he loves beſt, leave the reſt to the Mercy of the Hog-Market. Come, *Frank*, Fortune is now my Friend, let me Inſtruct thee.

Fran. 'Morrow, Uncle, I muſt needs go with him.

Val. Fley me, and turn me out, where none Inhabits; within two Hours I ſhall be thus again——— Now wonder on, and laugh at your own Ignorance.

[*Ex.* Val. *and* Frank.

Uncle. I do believe him.

Lance. So do I, and heartily; upon my Conſcience bury him ſtark naked, he'd riſe again within two Hours Embroider'd. Sow Muſtard-Seeds, and they can't come

come up so thick as his new Suits do. There's no striving——

Uncle. Let him play a while then, and let's search out what Hand——

Lance. I; there the Game lies: [*Exeunt.*

Enter Fountain, Bellamour *and* Hairbrain.

Fount. Come, let's speak for our selves, we've lodg'd him safe enough; his Nakedness dare not peep out to cross us.

Bell. We can have no Admittance.

Hairb. Let's in boldly, and use our best Arts; whoe'er she's pleas'd to Favour, we're all content.

Fount. Much good may do him with her, no Civil Wars.

Bell. By no means. Now do I wonder in what old Ivy-tod he lies whistling, for Mony nor Cloaths he's none, nor none will trust him, we have made that Side sure; we'll teach him a new Wooing.

Hairb. Say it is his Uncle's Spight.

Fount. It is all one, Gentlemen, it has rid us of a fair Incumbrance, and makes us look about to our own Fortunes. Who are these?

Enter Isabella *and* Lucy.

Isab. Not see this Man yet! Well, I shall be Wiser: But, *Lucy*, did'st ever know a Woman melt so?

Lucy. Peace, the three Suitors.

Isab. I cou'd so Titter now and Laugh, I was lost, and I must love I know not what. O *Cupid*, what pretty Gins thou hast to halter Woodcocks! And we must into the Country in all haste, *Lucy.*

Lucy.

Lucy. For Heaven's Sake, Madam.

Iſab. Nay, I have done, I muſt Laugh tho'; but Scholar I ſhall teach you.

Fount. 'Tis her Siſter.

Bell. Servant, Ladies.

Iſab. Well met, Gentlemen. You are Viſiting my Siſter I aſſure my ſelf.

Hairb. We wou'd fain bleſs our Eyes——

Iſab. Behold and welcome; you wou'd ſee her?

Fount. 'Tis our Buſineſs.

Iſab. You ſhall ſee her, and you ſhall talk with her.

Lucy. She will not ſee 'em, nor ſpend a Word——

Iſab. I'll make her fret a thouſand.

Lucy. She cannot endure 'em.

Iſab. She loves 'em but too dearly. Come follow me, I'll bring you t'th' Party, Gentlemen; then make your own Conditions.

Lucy. She's ſick you know.

Iſab. I'll make her well, or kill her. Take no idle Anſwer, you're Fools then; nor keep off, for her State, ſhe'll ſcorn ye all then; but urge her ſtill, and tho' ſhe fret, follow her. A Widow muſt be won ſo.

Bell. She ſpeaks bravely.

Iſab. I wou'd fain have a Brother-in-law, I love Mens Company: And if ſhe call for Dinner to avoid ye, be ſure you ſtay. Follow her into her Chamber, if ſhe retire to pray, pray with her like bold and honeſt Lovers.

Lucy. This will kill her.

Fount. You have ſhow'd us one Way, do but lead us 'tother.

Iſab. I know you ſtand on Thorns. Come, I'll diſpatch ye.

Lucy.

Lucy. If she live after this——
Isab. I have lost my Aim. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Valentine *and* Francisco.

Fran. Did you not see 'em since?
Val. No, hang 'em, hang 'em.
Fran. Nor will you not be seen by 'em?
Val. Let me alone, *Frank*, I'll be even with 'em.
Fran. Such base, ungrateful Wretches.
Val. I'll be Reveng'd e'er I ha' done with 'em.
Fran. Will you go with me, for I wou'd fain find this Piece of Bounty! 'Twas the Widow's Man, that I am certain of.
Val. To what End wou'd you go?
Fran. To give Thanks.
Val. Hang giving Thanks, hast not thou Parts to deserve it? It includes a further Will to be beholding. Beggars can do no more at Doors: If you will go, there lies your Way.
Fran. I hope you'll go.
Val. No, not in Ceremony, and to a Woman, with my own Father were he living, *Frank*. I wou'd to Court with Bears first, if it be that Woman I think it is, for 'tother's wiser, I wou'd not be so lookt upon, and laugh'd at, so made a Ladder for her Wit to climb upon, for 'tis the tartest Tit in *Christendom*: I know her well, *Frank*, and have buckl'd with her; and have been so flear'd upon and flouted, and shown to Chamber-Maids, as if I had been a strange Beast, she had purchas'd with her Mony.
Fran. You are a strange Man. But d'ye think it was a Woman?

Val.

Val. There's no doubt on't. Who can there be to do it elſe? Beſides, the Manner and the Circumſtances.

Fran. Then ſuch Curteſies, whoever does 'em, Sir, muſt be more lookt into, and better anſwer'd than with Slights, Men may ſtarve elſe. Mony is not gotten now with crying out, I am a Gallant Fellow, a good Soldier, a Man of Learning, and fit to be Employ'd. Immediate Bleſſings, like Miracles, are ceas'd; and we muſt grow by ſecond Means. Pray go with me, if you love me, Sir.

Val. I will come to thee, but *Frank*, I'll not ſtay to hear your Fopperies; diſpatch thoſe e'er I come.

Fran. You will not fail me?

Val. Some two Hours hence expect me.

Fran. I thank you, and will look for ye. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Widow, Shorthoſe *and* Roger.

Wid. Who let in theſe Puppies? You blind Raskals, you drunken Knaves.

Short. Yes, Madam, I'll let 'em in preſently—— Gentlemen——

Wid. Hold your bauling Rogue.

Short. I baul as loud as I can. Wou'd you have me fetch 'em on my Back?

Wid. Get 'em out Raskal, out with 'em, out, I ſweat to have 'em near me.

Short. I ſhall ſweat more to carry 'em out.

Rog. They are Gentlemen, Madam.

Short. Shall we get 'em into the Buttery, and make 'em Drunk?

Wid. Do any thing, ſo I be reliev'd.

Enter Iſab. Fount. Bellam. *and* Hairb.

Iſab. Now to her, fear nothing.

Rog. Slip aſide, Boy, I know ſhe loves 'em, however ſhe carries it, and has invited 'em; my young Miſtreſs told me ſo.

Short. Away then. [*Ex. Ser.*

Fount. You are too Curious, Madam, too full of Preparation, we expect it not.

Bell. Methinks your Houſe is handſome, every Place decent, what need you be vext?

Hairb. We are no Strangers.

Fount. What, tho' we come e'er you expected us; don't we know your Entertainments, Madam, are free, and full at all times.

Wid. Y'are merry, Gentlemen.

Bell. We come to be merry, Madam, and very merry, to laugh heartily, and now and then, Lady, a Word of our old Plea.

Wid. I am buſie, and very buſie too —— Will none deliver me? [*Aſide.*

Hairb. There is a Time for all Things; you may be buſie, but when your Friends come, Madam——

Wid. This is a tedious Torment.

Fount. How handome this little Piece of Anger ſhows upon her! Well, Madam, well, you know how to grace your ſelf.

Bell. Nay, every Thing ſhe does breeds a new Sweetneſs.

Wid. I muſt go up, I have ſome Buſineſs waits me; Wine for the Gentleman there——

Hairb. Nay, we'll go with you, we never ſaw your Chambers yet.

Iſab.

Isab. Hold there, Boys.

Wid. Perhaps I go to my Prayers.

Fount. We'll pray with you, and help your Meditations.

Wid. This is Boisterous; say I go to Sleep, will you go with me too?

Bell. So suddenly before your Meat is dangerous. We know your Dinner's ready, Lady, you will not Sleep.

Wid. Get my Coach ready; I'll take the Air.

Hairb. We'll wait on you.

Wid. Let it alone. Call my Steward to me, and bid him bring his Accounts into the Garden —— These unmannerly rude Fellows. [*Exit Widow.*

Fount. We'll walk after you, and view the Pleasure of the Place.

Isab. Let her not rest, for if you give her Breath she'll scorn and flout ye——Seem how she will, this is the Way to win her——Be bold and Prosper.

Bell. Nay, if we don't tire her—— [*Exit Lovers.*

Isab. I'll teach you to worm me, good Lady Sister, and peep into my Privacies, to suspect me. I'll torture you with that you hate, most daintily, and when I have done that, laugh at what you love.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. What have you done, she Chafes and Foams most outragiously, and still they persecute her.

Isab. Long may they do so. I'll teach her to declaim against my Pities. Why is she not gone out o' Town, but gives Men Occasion to run mad after her?

Lucy. I shall be hang'd.

Isab. This in me had been high Treason; three at a Time, and private in her Garden! I hope she'll cast her Account right now.

Enter Widow.

Wid. Well, I ſhall find who brought 'em.

Iſab. Ha, ha, ha.

Wid. Why d'ye laugh, Siſter. I fancy 'twas your Trick, 'twas neatly done of you, and well becomes your Pleaſure.

Iſab. What have you done with 'em?

Wid. Lock'd 'em into the Garden: There I'll make 'em Dance and Caper too, before they get their Liberty, inſolent vain Wtetches!

Iſab. They are ſomewhat Saucy, but yet I'll let 'em out, and once more ſound 'em—— Why were they not beaten out?

Wid. I was about it, but becauſe they came as Suitors——

Iſab. Why did you not Anſwer 'em?

Wid. They're ſo Impudent they'll receive none—— More yet: How came they in?

Enter Franciſco *and* Lance.

Lance. At the Door, Madam.

Iſab. It is that Face.

Lucy. This is the Gentleman. [*Aſide to the Widow.*

Wid. She ſent the Mony to?

Lucy. The ſame.

Iſab. They have ſome Buſineſs with you, I ſuppoſe.

Wid. Nay, you ſhall ſtay, Siſter, they're both Strangers to me. How her Face alters!

Iſab. I am ſorry he comes now.

Wid. I am glad he is here now tho'. Who would you ſpeak with, Gentlemen?

Lance. You, Madam, or your fair Siſter there. Here's a Gentleman that has receiv'd a Benefit.

Wid. From whom, Sir?

Lance.

Lance. From one of you, as he ſuppoſes, Madam; your Man deliver'd it.

Wid. Pray go forward.

Lance. And of ſo great a Value, that he dar'd not without the Tender of his Thanks and Service, paſs by the Houſe.

Wid. Which is the Gentleman?

Lance. This, Madam.

Wid. What's your Name, Sir?

Fran. They that know me, call me *Franciſco*, Madam, one not ſo Proud to ſcorn ſo timely a Benefit, nor ſo baſe to hide my Gratitude.

Wid. It is well beſtow'd then, Sir.

Fran. Your fair Siſter, or your ſelf it ſeems, for what Deſert I dare not know, have ſhower'd upon my Wants a timely Bounty.

Wid. I am ſorry 'twas not mine. This is the Gentlewoman, Sir. Fie, do not Bluſh, he's a pretty Fellow.

Iſab. You have three fine ones.

Fran. Then to you, Madam.

Iſab. Pray no more, Sir, if I may perſwade ye. Your only Deſign to do this is recompence enough, and more than I expected.

Fran. But good Madam.

Iſab. And for me further to be acquainted with it, wou'd fix on me the Imputation of Vain-Glory. I did it, and if it happen'd where I thought it fit, I have my End, more to enquire is curious in either of us.

Fran. But, Madam, 'twill be neceſſary——

Iſab. Do not fright me with your full blown Face of Compliments, it blaſts it. Had you not come at all, but only thought Thanks, 'thad been too much; 'twas not to ſee your Perſon——

Wid. A brave Diſſembler, and how ſhe carries it!

Iſab. Tho' I believe few handſomer. Or to hear you, tho' I affect a good Tongue well. Or to try you, tho' my Years deſire a Friend, that I reliev'd you. Let it ſuffice you have it, 'twas never mine while good Men wanted it.

Lance. This is a Saint ſure!

Iſab. And if you be not ſuch a one, reſtore it.

Fran.

Fran. To commend my self, were more officious than you think my Thanks are, Madam; yours is the first Mony I e'er took upon such forc'd ill Manners.

Isab. The last of me, if ever you use others.

Fran. How may I do, your way, to be thought grateful?

Isab. Spend it, and say nothing. Your Modesty may deserve more. I did it that my best Friend shou'd not know it. Use it in well bestowing it, in shewing it came to be a Benefit, and was so: And not examining a Woman did it, and to what end.

Fran. Madam, I were unworthy of a Favour, were I not Master of so much Prudence. Ladies Honours were ever in my Thoughts held sacred, and so I shall preserve 'em.

Isab. Keep but this way, and you have paid me. And so I wish you a good Fortune. [*Exit.*

Wid. Fear not, the Woman will be thank'd, I do not doubt it. Are you so crafty, carry it so precisely. [*aside*] Despair not, Gentlemen, there is an Hour to catch a Woman in, if you be wise, so I must leave you too. [*Exit.*

Lance. I never knew yet so few Years, and so much Cunning; yet believe she has an Itch, but how to make her confess it? For 'tis a crafty Tit, and plays about ye; will not bite home, she wou'd fain, but dares not. Carry your self so discreetly, Sir, that Want or Wantonness seem not to search ye, and you shall see her open.

Fran. I do love her, and were I rich wou'd marry her; ha! *Lance*, but some Leaden-Landed Rogue will have this Wench now when all's done. Some Dunce that knows no more but Markets, and admires nothing but a long Charge at Assizes; O Fortune!

Enter Isabella *and* Lucy.

Lance. Comfort your self.

Lucy. They are here still, and alone too, boldly upon't. Nay, Madam, I told ye how 'twou'd end. This 'tis to venture your Charity upon a Stranger.

Lance. Now stand fast, and like your self.

Isab

Iſab. Prithee no more Wench.

Lucy. What were his Wants to you?

Iſab. 'Tis true.

Lucy. Or Miſery?-or ſay he had been inth' Cage, was there no Mercy to look abroad but yours?

Iſab. I am paid for Fooling.

Lucy. Muſt every ſlight Companion that can purchaſe a ſhew of Poverty, and beggarly Planet, fall under your Compaſſion?

Lance. Here's a new matter.

Lucy. Nay, you are ſerv'd right enough: Here he ſtays ſtill, as I live——

Fran. How her Face alters on me!

Lucy. Out of Confidence, I hope.

Iſab. I am glad on't.

Fran. How do you, noble Madam?

Iſab. Much aſham'd, Sir, (but firſt ſtand further off me, you're Infectious) to find ſuch Vanity, nay almoſt Impudence, where I believ'd much Worth. Is this your Thanks, your Gratitude, you were ſo mad to pay me?

Lance. What, Madam?

Iſab. Take your Bait again, Sir, it will not ſerve, the Woman won't bite, y'are finely Cozen'd. Drop it no more for ſhame.

Lucy. D'ye think y'are here, Sir, among your Strollers, your baſe Women that catch at ſuch Occaſions: You are deceiv'd, this is a Lady of a noble Houſe, born to a better Fame than you can build her, and looks above your Pitch.

Fran. I do acknowledge——

Iſab. Then I beſeech you, Sir, what cou'd you ſee in my Behaviour of ſuch Looſeneſs, that you durſt venture to do this?

Fran. You amaze me! This Ring is none of mine, nor did I drop it.

Lucy. I ſaw you drop it, Sir.

Isab. I took it up too, still expecting when your Modesty wou'd miss it. Why, what a Childish part was this?

Fran. I vow——

Isab. He that does this has bred himself to boldness, to swear and forswear too. There take your Gewgaw, y'are too much pamper'd, and I repent my part in't. As you grow older grow wiser, if you can, and so farewell, Sir. [*Exit* Isab. *and* Lucy.

Lance. Grow wiser if you can! She has put it t'ye. 'Tis a rich Ring, did you drop it, Sir?

Fran. Never! ne'er saw it before, *Lance.*

Lance. Thereby hangs a Tail then. What Slights she makes to catch herself! Look up, Sir, you can't miss her if you wou'd: How daintely she flies before the Lure, and cunningly she makes her Stops! Whistle and she'll come t'ye.

Fran. Ay, wou'd I were so happy!

Lance. Maids are Clocks, the greatest Wheel they show goes slowest to us, and makes us hang on tedious Hopes; the lesser which are conceal'd being often Oyl'd with Wishes, flee like Desires, and never leave that motion till the Tongue strikes. She is Flesh and Blood, Young as her Purpose, and Soft as Pity; and I know how, e'er she appears now, which is near enough, you are stark blind if you hit not soon. She'd venture Forty Pound more to have a Flea in your Shape bite her. Drop no more Rings for so'th! this was the prettiest thing to know her Heart by.

Fran. Thou giv'st me much Hopes, *Lance.*

Lance. Hopes! Does she not point you out the Way, drop no more Rings. She'll drop her self on you.

Fran. I wonder my Brother comes not.

Lance. Let him alone, and feed your self with your own Fortune. Come, be merry, and let's be wondrous wise, and full of Councel. Drop no more Rings, ha, ha, ha!—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Widow, Fountain, Bellamore *and* Hairbrain.

Wid. If you will needs be fooliſh you muſt be us'd ſo. Who ſent for you? who encourag'd ye Gentlemen? who bid you wellcome hither? You come crowding, and impudently bold, preſs on my Patience, as if I kept a Houſe for all Companies, and of all ſorts: Will have your Wills: Will vex me, and force my liking from ye.

Fount. For all this we will Dine with you.

Bell. And for all this have a better Anſwer from ye.

Wid. You ſhall never, neither have another Anſwer, nor Dinner, unleſs you uſe me with more Reſpect, and ſtay your time too.

Enter Iſabella, Shorthoſe, Roger, Humphry, Ralph *with Diſhes of Meat.*

Iſab. Forward with the Meat now.

Rog. Come, Gentlemen, march handſomly.

Shor. Roger, you are a weak ſerving-man, your white Broath runs from you. Fie, how I ſweat under this Load of Beef, an Elephant can't do more! Oh! for ſuch a Back now, and in theſe Times, what might a Man arrive at? Gooſe-graze you up, and Wood-cock march behind thee. I am almoſt founder'd.

Wid. Who bid ye bring the Meat yet? Away, I won't dine this two Hours. How am I vex'd and chaf'd! Go carry't back, and tell the Cook he's a Raſcal to ſend before I call'd.

Shor. Face about then, Gentlemen, beat a mournful March, and ſome Supporters, or I periſh—— [*Exit Ser.*

Iſab. It does me a World o' good to ſee her vex'd thus.

Hair. We can ſtay, Madam, and will ſtay and dwell here, 'tis a good Air.

Fount. I know you have Beds enough, and Meat you never want.

Wid. If I had ye out——I'd be at the Charge of a Portcullis for ye.

Enter Valentine.

Val. Good morrow, Madam——

Wid. Good morrow, Sir——How ſweetly now he looks, and how manfully! What Slaves were thoſe to uſe him ſo! [*aſide.*

Val. I come to look a young Man I call Brother.

Wid. Such a one was here, Sir, but has been gone almoſt an Hour.

Val. Farwell then——

Wid. You muſt not go ſo ſoon, Sir. Here be ſome Gentlemen, perhaps you may be acquainted with.

Hair. Will nothing make him miſerable?

Fount. How glorious!

Bell. It is the very he, does it rain Fortune on him, or has he a Familier?

Hair. How dogged he looks too?

Fount. Pray let's be going.

Val. Where are theſe Gentlemen?

Wid. Here.

Val. Yes, I do know 'em, and ſhall be more familier.

Bell. 'Morrow, Madam.

Wid. Nay, ſtay and Dine.

Val. You ſhall ſtay till I talk with ye, and not Dine neither. You think you have undone me, think ſo ſtill, and ſwallow the Belief, till you're Company for Court-hand Clerks, and ſtarv'd Attorneys; 'till you break in at Plays like Prentices and Footmen; till you return to what I found ye, People betray'd into the Hands of Pick-pockets; till Taverns allow you but the Towel-Room to tiple Wine in, that the Bell has gone for twice, and Glaſſes that look like broken Promiſes ty'd up with wicker Proteſtations; till this Hour, this fatal Hour comes again——Think I ſit down the Looſer——

Wid. Will you ſtay, Gentlemen, a piece of Beef, and a cold Capon, that's all, you know you'r wellcome.

Bell. Steal off, the Devil is in his Anger.

Wid.

Wid. Nay, I'm ſure you will not leave me ſo unkindly, now I have provided for you.

Val. What do you here? Why d'ye vex a Lady of her Quality and Worth? Can you bring a good Certificate that you deſerve to be her Footmen? Husbands ye Puppies, away you Wind ſuckers. Do not look big, nor prate, nor ſtay, nor grumble, and when you are gone ſeem to laugh at my Fury, and ſlight this Lady: I ſhall hear, and know this; and tho' I am not bound to fight for Women, as far as they're good, I dare defend 'em. Your Honours —— Now go, avoid me inſtantly. [*Exit Suitors.*

Wid. Well, Sir, you have deliver'd me I thank you, and withall prevented ſawcy Words their Tongues might utter: Nowwe'll all go eat, Sir.

Val. No, no; I dare not truſt my ſelf with Women. Go to your Meat, eat little, take leſs eaſe, and tie your Body to a daily Labour, you may live handſomely. And ſo I thank you. [*Exit.*

Wid. Well, go thy ways, thou art a noble Fellow: Never, never Man had ſuch a careleſs Art of Pleaſing——Sure never Woman's Heart was ſo ſtrangely won as mine is——Other Ladies are engag'd by great Profeſſions of Love, by long Courtſhips, nice Flattery, and the like: But I am gain'd, I think, by his Contempt of me. In ſhort, I am charm'd by I know not what my ſelf.

To make my Paſſion known, what ſhall I do?
'Tis down right Shame for Women firſt to Woo:
I'll work the means; for when our Hearts incline,
We ſtill find ways to do what we deſign.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Uncle. MOST certain, 'tis her Hands that hold him up, and 'tis her Sister that maintains *Frank.*

Mer. I am glad to hear it. But why don't they pursue this Fortune to some good end?

Uncle. The Women are too crafty, *Valentine* too coy, and *Frank* too bashful. Had any wise Men hold of such a Blessing, they'd strike it out o'th' Flint but they wou'd form it.

Enter Widow *and* Shorthose.

Mer. The Widow sure; why is she stirring so early?

Wid. 'Tis strange I cannot make him understand me, and make a Benefit of what I'd bring him. Tell my Sister I'll say my Prayers at home this Morning, she may, if she pleases, go to Church.

Short. Hoy, ho. [*Yawning.*

Wid. And do you wait upon her with a Flamboy, Sir.

Short. Hoy, ho.

Wid. You lazy Knave.

Short. Here's such a tinkle tankling, that we can ne'er lie quiet and sleep our Prayers out. This Morning Prayer has brought me into a Consumption, I have nothing left but Flesh and Bones about me.

Wid. You drowsy Slave, nothing but sleep and swilling?

Short. Had ye been bitten with *Bandog* Flea's as I ha' been, and haunted with the Night-Mare, you wou'd have little mind to Morning Prayers——Pray take my Fellow *Ralph*, he has a Psalm Book.

Wid.

Wid. Go get you ready quickly, and when she is so, wait upon her handsomly. No more, begone——

Short. If I do snore my part out—— [*Exit* Short.

Uncle. Now to our purpose.

Mer. Good morrow, Madam.

Wid. Good morrow, Gentlemen.

Uncle. Good Joy and Fortune t'ye.

Wid. These are good Things, and worth my Thanks, Sir.

Mer. Much Joy I hope you'll find. We came to Congratulate your new knit Marriage-Bond.

Wid. How!

Uncle. He is a Gentleman, my fair Niece.

Wid. Niece, Sir!

Uncle. Yes, Madam, now I may say so, 'tis no shame t'ye. I say a Gentleman, and winking at some light Fancies which you most happily may like him for, as well behav'd, and nobly bred as any Man.

Wid. What's all this, I understand you not, what Niece? what Marriage Knot?

Uncle. I'll tell you plainly——You are my Niece, and *Valentine*'s the Gentleman has made you so by Marriage.

Wid. Marriage!

Uncle. Yes, Madam, and 'twas a noble and a vertuous Part to take a falling Man to your Protection, and buoy him up again to all his Glories.

Wid. The Men are mad.

Mer. What, tho' he wanted those outward Things that flie away like Shaddows, was not his Mind a full one, and a brave one? You have Wealth enough to give him gloss and outside, and he has Wit enough to deserve your Favour.

Uncle. I always thought he wou'd do well.

Mer. Nay, I know that however he wheel'd about, he wou'd charge home at last like a brave Gentleman. Heaven's Blessing on your Heart, Madam, we are so bound to honour ye, in all our Service so devoted t'ye——

Uncle. Do not look so strange, Madam, it must be known.

Wid.

Wid. This is the fineſt Riddle——And I am Marry'd then?

Mer. You are in a miſerable Eſtate elſe, in the World's Opinion——I wou'd not for your Wealth it came to doubting.

Wid. And I am great with Child.

Uncle. No, great they ſay not, but 'tis the full Opinion you are with Child, and great Joy among the Gentlemen. Your Husband has beſtir'd himſelf fairly.

Mer. Alas! we know his private Hours of Entrance, how long, and where he ſtay'd. Cou'd name the Bed too——

Wid. I ſhall believe anon!

Uncle. And we conſider for ſome Reaſons you wou'd have it private, yet take your own Pleaſure, and ſo good morrow my beſt Niece.

Wid. No, no, pray ſtay?

Mer. You'll find him noble——This may work upon her.

[*Ex.* Uncle *and* Mer.

Wid. This is a fine Story indeed, Marry'd and with Child too! How long has this been I wonder. They ſeem grave Gentlemen, they ſhou'd not come to laugh at me. Marry'd and Bedded! The World takes notice too? Where lies the Jeſt of this? I cou'd be vext extreamly now, rail too, but 'tis to no purpoſe. I'll take this Occaſion to ſpeak with him, this may give me an Opportunity of ſhewing my Inclination, and help me on with my real deſign of marrying him. Who waits there?

Enter Humphry.

Humph. Madam.

Wid. Run immediatly to *Valentine*, let him know I have heard ſomething that I wiſh he wou'd explain to me: And deſire he will give himſelf the Trouble to come hither. And hark you, Sir, be ſecret and ſpeedy. Enquire out where he lies.

Humph. I ſhall do it, Madam——

Wid. Marry'd, and got with Child in a Dream, very fine, ſure he that did do this, wou'd do better waking. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Valentine, Franciſco, Lance, *and* Boy *with a Flamboy.*

Val. Hold the Flamboy handſomly. How do'ſt thee, *Frank?*

Fran. You have ſous'd me to ſome purpoſe.

Lance. Now cou'd I fight, and fight with you.

Val. With me, thou Man of Memphis?

Lance. But that thou'rt my own natural Maſter. Yet thou art no Man, thou art a Pagan, and paun'ſt thy Land.

Val. No Arms, dear *Lance*, no fighting here. We will have Lands, Boy, Livings and Titles. Thou ſhalt be a Vice-Roy; hang Fighting, hang't, 'tis out o' Faſhion.

Lance. I wou'd fain belabour you into your Land again, it is my Duty.

Fran. Fie, *Lance*, fie.

Lance. I muſt beat ſome body, and why not my Maſter before a Stranger, Charity and Beating begins at Home.

Val. Come, thou ſhalt beat me.

Lance. I will not be compell'd, an ye were two Maſters, I ſcorn the Motion.

Val. Wilt thou ſleep?

Lance. I ſcorn ſleep.

Val. Wilt thou go eat?

Lance. I ſcorn Meat. Look ye, if you will not take your Mortgage again; here do I hide St. *George*, and ſo forth.

Val. And here do I St. *George* beſtride the Dragon.

Lance. I ſting with my Tail.

Val. Do you ſo, do you ſo, Sir.

Frank. By no means hurt him.

Val. Take this, and now riſe, thou new-made Knight; lace on thy Helmet of enchanted Sack, and charge again.

Lance. I'll play no more, you abuſe me; will ye go?

Frank. I'll bid you good morrow, Brother, for ſleep I can't, I have a thouſand Fancies.

Val.

Val. Now thou art new made, go bravely to the Buſineſs, and do ſomething of worth, *Frank.*

Lance. You ſhall hear from us. [*Exit* Frank *and* Lance.

Val. This Rogue, I thought wou'd have beaten me, 'tis the the moſt pettiſh Rogue.

Enter Uncle, Merchant, *and a Boy with a Flamboy.*

Uncle. 'Tis he.

Mer. Good morrow.

Val. Why, Sir, good morrow to you too, and you be ſo luſty.

Uncle. You have made your Brother a fine Man, we met him.

Val. I made him a fine Gentleman, he was a Fool before; what wou'd you have with me?

Mer. I come to tell you your lateſt Hour is come.

Val. Are you my Sentence?

Mer. The Sentence of the Eſtate.

Val. Let it be hang'd then, and let it be hang'd high enough, that I may not ſee it.

Uncle. A gracious Reſolution!

Val. What wou'd you have elſe with me? Will ye go drink, and let the World ſlide, ha, ha, ha, Boys, drink, Boys, drink.

Mer. Have you no feeling, Sir?

Val. Come hither, *Merchant*, make me a Supper, thou moſt reverend Land-catcher, a Supper of Forty Pounds.

Mer. What then, Sir?

Val. Then bring thy Wife along, thy fair Siſters, thy Neighbours, and their Wives, and all their Trinkets, and let me have forty Trumpets, and ſuch Wine! We'll laugh at the Miſeries of Mortgage. And then in ſtate I'll render thee an Anſwer.

Mer. What ſay you to this?

Uncle.

Uncle. I dare not ſay, nor think neither.

Mer. Will you redeem your Eſtate? Speak to the Purpoſe, Sir.

Val. My Eſtate, no! I'd ſooner be a Slave in the Turkiſh Gallies.

Mer. Then I muſt take an Order——

Val. Take a Thouſand, I will not keep it, nor thou ſhalt not have it, becauſe thou cam'ſt in the Nick thou ſhalt not have it. Go, take Poſſeſſion, and be ſure you hold it; hold faſt with both Hands, for there be thoſe Hounds uncoupl'd, will ring you ſuch a Peal. Go down in Glory, and march upon my Land, and cry All's mine. But know, thou fooliſh *Merchant*, my Tenants are no Subjects, they obey nothing, and they are People too never Chriſten'd. They know no Law, nor Conſcience, they'll devour thee, they'll confound thee within three Days. No Bit, nor Memory of what thou wert, no, not the Wart upon thy Noſe there, ſhall be e'er heard of more. Go, take Poſſeſſion, and bring thy Children down to Roaſt like Rabbets: They love young Toaſts and Butter, as they love Miſchief, and hate Law; they are Cannibals. Bring down thy Kindred too that be not Fruitful, there be thoſe Mandrakes will Molify 'em. Go, take Poſſeſſion, I'll to my Chamber. Along before Boy, go. [*Exit.* Val.

Mer. He's mad, ſure.

Uncle. He's Drunk, ſure. And yet I like this unwillingneſs to loſe it, this looking back.

Mer. Yes, if he did it handſomly; but he's ſo harſh, and ſtrange——

Uncle. Believe it 'tis his Drink, Sir. And I am glad the Drink has reveal'd it.

Mer. Cannibals! If ever I come to view his Regiment. If fair Terms may be had.

Uncle. He tells the Truth, Sir, they are a kind of the moſt boiſterous Raskals Diſorder ever bred. Let 'em be mad once, the Power of the whole Country cannot cool 'em. Be patient but a little longer.

Mer. As long as you will, Sir. Before I buy a Bargain of ſuch Out-laws, I'll buy a Colledge for Bears, and live among 'em.

Enter Franciſco, Lance, *Boy with a Flamboy.*

Fran. And how do'ſt thou now?

Lance. Better than I was, but my Head's a Hogſhead ſtill, it rouls and tumbles——

Fran. Thou wert paid off.

Lance. I may live to requite it.

Fran. 'Twas all but Sport. I'll tell thee what I mean now. I mean to ſee this Girl.

Lance. Where a Devil is ſhe? An there were two 'twere better.

Fran. Do'ſt thou hear the Bell ring?

Lance. Yes, yes.

Fran. Then ſhe comes to Prayer each Morning thither. Now, if I cou'd but meet her? For I am of another Mettle now.

Enter Iſabella *and* Shorthoſe *with a Flamboy.*

Lance. What Light's yon?

Fran. Ha! 'tis ſhe; take her by the Hand, and court her.

Lance. Take her below the Girdle, you'll never ſpeed elſe, ſhe comes this way ſtill. Oh that I had but ſuch an Opportunity in a Saw-Pit?

Fran. Fortune I thank thee——Good morrow, Madam.

Iſab. What Voice is that? Sirrah d'ye ſleep as ye go? 'Tis he. I'm glad on't. Why *Shorthoſe?*

Short. Yes, forſooth; I dreamt I was going to Church.

Lance. She ſees you as plain as I do.

Iſab. Hold your Flamboy up.

Short. Here's nothing but a Stall, and a Butcher's Dog aſleep in't. Where did you ſee the Voice?

Fran.

Fran. She looks ſtill Angry.

Lance. To her, and meet her, Sir.

Iſab. Here, here.

Fran. Yes, Lady, never bleſs your ſelf, I am but a Man, and like an honeſt Man now will I thank ye——

Iſab. What d'ye mean, who ſent for ye, who deſir'd ye?

Short. Shall I put out the Flamboy, Madam?

Iſab. Can't I go about my private Meditations, ha! but ſuch Companions as you muſt ruffle me? You had beſt go with me, Sir?

Fran. 'Twas my purpoſe.

Iſab. Why, what Impudence is this! You had beſt, being ſo near the Church, provide a Prieſt, and perſwade me to marry ye.

Fran. It was my meaning; and ſuch a Husband, ſo loving, ſo careful. My Youth, and all my Fortune's at your Service.

Iſab. 'Tis ſtrange you ſhou'd be thus unmannerly. Turn Home again, Sirrah. You'd beſt now force my Man to lead the way.

Fran. Yes marry ſhall he, Madam. Forward, Friend.

Iſab. This is a pretty Riot, it may grow to a Rape.

Fran. D'ye like that better? I can Raviſh ye a Hundred times, and not hurt ye.

Short. I ſee nothing. I'm aſleep ſtill. When you have done tell me, and then I'll wake, Madam.

Iſab. Are you in earneſt, Sir? Do you long to be hang'd?

Fran. Yes indeed do I, Madam, in thoſe fair Arms.

Iſab. I ſhall cry out!

Fran. By no means. That were a weak Trick, Madam. I'll ſtop your Mouth with Kiſſes.

Iſab. You'll anſwer all theſe?

Fran. A thouſand Kiſſes more.

Iſab. I was never abus'd thus. You had beſt give out too that you found me willing, and ſay I doted on ye.

Fran. That's known already, and no Man living ſhall carry you from me.

Isab. This is fine indeed.

Fran. It shall be ten times finer.

Isab. Well, seeing you are so Valiant, keep your way; I'll go to Church.

Fran. And I'll wait on you.

Isab. And it's very likely there's a Priest, if you dare venture, as you pretend. I'd wish you look about ye, for if Men do these rude Tricks, you know the Recompence, and trust not to my Mercy.

Fran. But I will, Madam.

Isab. For I'll so handle ye.

Fran. That's it I look for.

Isab. Afore, thou Dreamer.

Short. Have ye done?

Isab. Go on, Sir——and follow if you dare.

Fran. If I do not, hang me.

Lance. 'Tis thine own, Boy, an 'twere a Million. God a Mercy Wine, when wou'd small Beer a done this? [*Exeunt.*

Enter Widow.

Wid. I wonder *Humphry* is not come back yet from *Valentine*——O here he is——Well, have you met with him?

Humph. Yes, Madam.

Wid. And will he come presently?

Humph. He's here, Madam. He's the rarest wild Man, and Jokes the purliest——

Enter Valentine, *and* Servant.

Wid. O you're a fine Gallant! Send off your Servant, pray. [*Exit Ser.*

Val. She will not Ravish me sure? By this Light she Looks as sharp-set as a Sparrow-Hawk. What wou'd ye, Madam?

Wid. O you have us'd me finely, and like a Gentleman. This it is to trust to you.

Val. Trust to me, for what?

Wid. Because I said in Jest once you were a handsom Man, one I cou'd like well; and fooling made ye believe I lov'd ye, and might be brought to marry ye——You, out of this, which is

is fine Diſcretion, give out, the Matter's done, you have won and wedded me. And that you've put, fairly put for an Heir too. Theſe are fine Rumours to advance my Credit. I'th' Name of Miſchief, what did you mean?

Val. That you lov'd me, and that you might be brought to marry me! Why, what a Devil do you mean, Madam?

Wid. 'Twas a fine thing too, to tell the World, that tho' you had enjoy'd your firſt Wiſh, you miſs'd the Wealth you aim'd at; that I was Poor, which 'tis true I am, having ſold all my Lands, becauſe I love not thoſe Vexations.

Val. I tell ye, Madam, I like ye ten times better, now ye have no Lands, for now your Hopes and Care lie on a Husband, if e'er you marry again.

Wid. Have not you marry'd me, and for this main Cauſe too, as you give out, to be your Nurſe?

Val. To be my Nurſe? Why what am I grown too; give me the Glaſs, my Nurſe.

Wid. You ne'er ſaid truer; I muſt confeſs I did a little fancy ye, and with ſome Labour might ha' been perſwaded. But when I found I muſt be hourly troubled with making Broaths, with ſwadling and ſtitching up your Ruins; for ſo the World reports——

Val. Don't provoke me!

Wid. And half an Eye may ſee.

Val. Do not provoke me! The World's a lying World, and you ſhall find it. Have a good Heart, and a ſtrong Faith, and mark what follows. My Nurſe, yes, you ſhall Rock me: *Widow* I'll keep you waking.

Wid. You are diſpos'd, Sir——

Val. Yes marry am I, Madam; and you ſhall find it. Nay, and they touch my Freehold once, I'm a Tyger.

Wid. I think ſo.

Val. Come.

Wid. Whether?

Val. Any whether.

SINGS

SINGS.

The Fit's upon me now, the Fit's upon me now,
Come quickly gentle Lady, the Fit's upon me now;
The World ſhall know they're Fools,
And ſo ſhalt thou do too,
Let the Cobler mend with his Tools,
The Fit's upon me now.

Take me quickly, while I'm in this Vein, away with me, for if I have but two Hours to conſider, all the Women in the World can't recover me. [*Exeunt*

Enter Merchant *and* Uncle, ſeverally.

Mer. Well met again——and what good News yet?

Uncle. Faith nothing.

Mer. No Fruits of what we ſow'd?

Uncle. Nothing that I hear of.

Mer. No turning of this Tide yet?

Uncle. 'Tis all Flood, and 'till that fall again, there's no expecting.

Enter Franciſco, Iſabella, Lance, Shorthoſe *with a Flamboy.*

Mer. Is not this his younger Brother *Uncle*? with a Gentlewoman, the Widow's Siſter, as I live, he ſmiles, he has got good hold. Well ſaid, *Frank*, I faith. Let's ſtay and mark.

Iſab. Well, you are the prettieſt Youth, and ſo you've handled me. You think you have me ſure now?

Fran. As ſure as Wedlock.

Iſab. You had beſt go to Bed with me?

Fran. Yes indeed will I, and get ſuch Black-ey'd Boys——

Uncle. 'Gad ha' mercy. *Frank.*

Iſab. 'Tis a merry World, poor ſimple Women that think no harm, can't be going about their Buſineſs, but they muſt be catcht up I know not how.

Fran. I tell you how, and I'll Inſtruct ye too. Have I caught you, Madam?

Iſab. Well, if 'twere not for pure Pity, I would give you the ſlip yet. But ſince 'tis as 'tis—— *Fran.*

Fran. I ſhall be better.

Enter Valentine, Widow, *and* Ralph *with a Flamboy.*

Iſab. My Siſter as I live, and your Brother with her!

Uncle. Now it works.

Val. Nay, you ſhall know I am a Man.

Wid. I think ſo.

Val. And ſuch Proof you ſhall have——

Wid. Pray ſpeak ſoftly, I did but Jeſt with you; are you Mad?

Val. I am Mad, ſtark Mad.

Fran. Good morrow, Sir, I like your Preparation.

Val. Thou haſt been at it, *Frank?*

Fran. Yes Faith, 'tis done, Sir.

Val. Along with me then. Never flinch, Madam.

Iſab. 'Tis to no purpoſe, Siſter.

Val. Well ſaid Black-brows. Advance your Flamboys, Gentlemen.

Ralph. Yes, yes, Sir.

Val. And keep your Ranks.

Mer. Lance, carry this before him. [*Giving the Mortgage,*

Uncle. Carry it in State. *of* Val's *Eſtate.*

Enter Fidlers, Fountain, Hairbrain *and* Bellamore.

Val. And what are you, Muſicians? Who are thoſe behind ye?

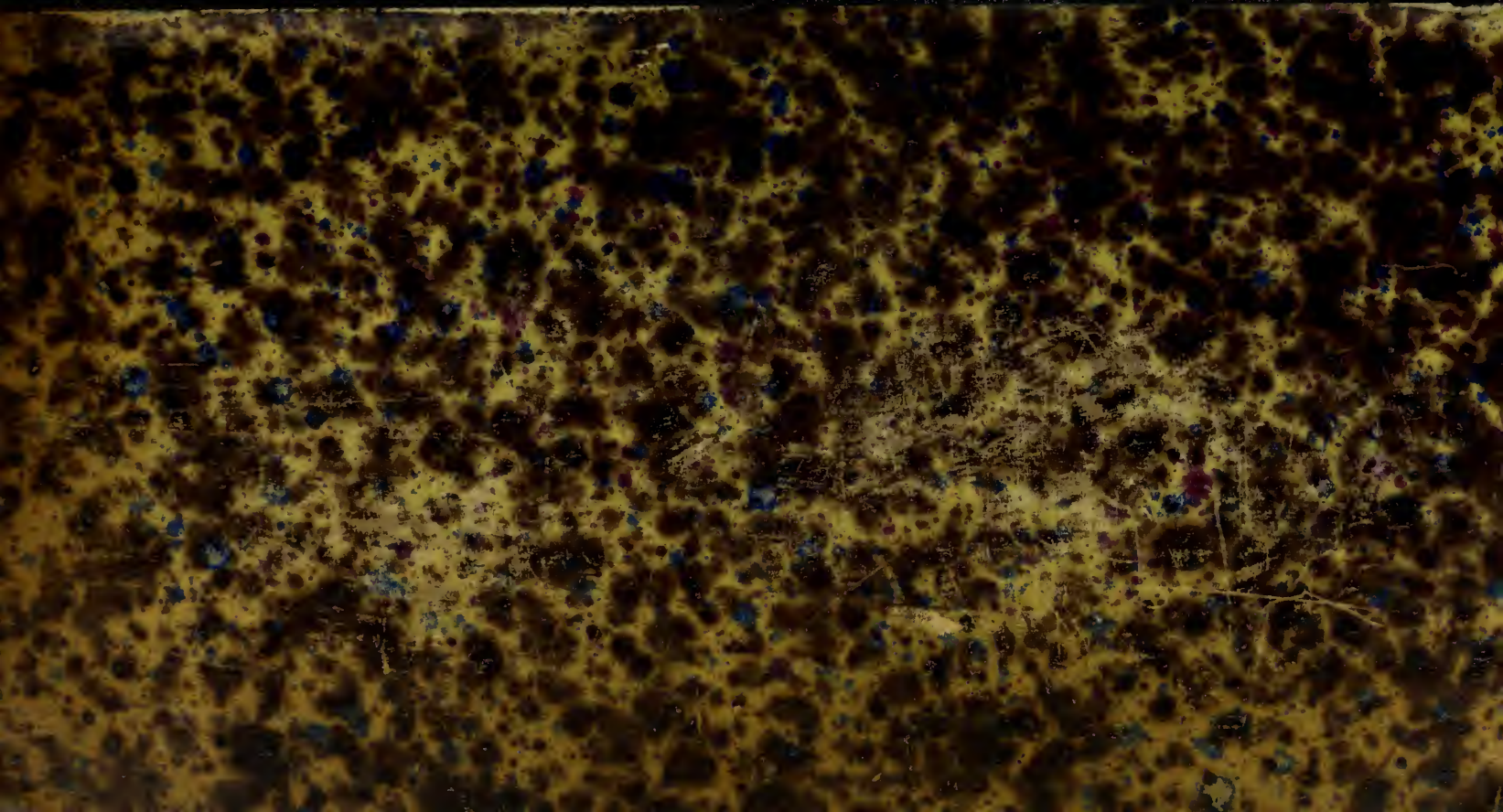
Muſ. Gentlemen that ſent us to give the Lady a good morrow.

Val. I know 'em. Come let us hear your Muſick. Come forward, Gentlemen, ye are welcome, very welcome; now we are all Friends. Go get the Prieſt ready, and let him not be long, we have much Buſineſs.

Come, *Frank*, rejoice with me, thou haſt got the Start, Boy;
But I'll ſo tumble after. Come, my Friend, lead,
Lead chearfully, and let your Fiddles ring, Boys.
My Follies, and my Fancies have an end here.
Diſplay the Mortgage, *Lance.* *Merchant* I'll pay ye,
And every thing ſhall be in Joint again.
And now confeſs, and know,
Wit without Mony ſometimes gives the Blow. *Exeunt.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

As when Short-Cloak-Comedian, *from aloft,*
Disbands his Flock; Elders with Whiſpers ſoft,
Under bruſht Beavers, rowl their poacht Egg-Eyes,
And each one ſomething to himſelf applies:
So you, we know, will ſtill on theſe Occaſions,
On what you've heard, make ſeveral Obſervations.
Wit without Mony! *ſays a graver Cit,*
What Mortal without Mony e'er had Wit?
Yes, yes, ſome few of ſuch are in the Pit.
And ſome Pretenders make a mighty Pother
Of Wit and Mony, *without one or t'other.*
A beauteous Circle there muſt needs admire
Our tender Iſabella's *generous Fire.*
Our Widow, tho' ſhe's Chaſt and Pure, inclines
Some Heart to think again of Valentine's.
Perhaps then ſome grave Widow may find Fault here,
And vow ſhe never more will bring her Daughter,
Knowing b' Experience, that Example may
Lead a warm Virgin's forward Thoughts aſtray.
And may be too, ſome prick-ear'd Saints, who join
In Reformation's laudable Deſign,
Come to ſpy Faults; and with malicious Care,
And out-ſtretch'd Ears Prophaneſs hope to hear,
And then next Term Indict th' unwary Player:
But for their Comfort they have had to Day,
An unexceptionable ſober Play,
So all I hope part pleas'd, nay even they.

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